the LINK

March 1962

HOW TO HANDLE TEMPTATION

EQUIPMENT FOR LIFE

FOR THE PRICE OF A HORSE

25¢

PROTESTANT MAGAZINE FOR ARMED FORCES PERSONNEL

THE LINK

A PROTESTANT MAGAZINE FOR ARMED FORCES PERSONNEL

VOL. 20 • MARCH 1962 • NO. 3

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Front: Sailing . . . Sailing . . . looks beautiful but, like life, there may be stormy weather ahead. Photo by H. Armstrong Roberts.

Back: Tribute to a great institution—the United States Military Academy at Annapolis, Md. Photo by U.S. Navy.

Inside Front: Is there a cross in your heart? Lent begins March 7. Photo by H. Armstrong Roberts.

Inside Back: "Why I Am a Christian" by A/2c Joseph R. Feasler, 7272nd ABW Hedronsec., Materiel, Box 1063, APO 231, New York, N.Y.

ART WORK: Story illustrations by Owen Gallagher.

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Sound Off!

Objects to "Land Without Females"

THE LINK has been on my reading list for nearly eight years now. Generally speaking, I have found the publication to be an interesting, informative, and frequently, helpful one.

"Land Without Females" (November, 1961, issue), however, was an exception, and a shocking one at that. The article is marked by narrow-mindedness, undue reliance upon a tourist guide seeking to impress its customers, plus a certain lack of logic on the part of the author.

I appreciate that the article represents the impressions of a casual tourist. It is regrettable, however, that such an article was published. Now suppose that I had submitted an article on the Louvre in Paris. Suppose further that the article was entitled, "An Insignificant 8x10." The Mona Lisa is hardly larger than this, but if this were my approach to an article on the Louvre and the Mona Lisa, you would be entirely justified in rejecting the piece.

I too have visited Mt. Athos. Lest it be alleged that I received any preferential treatment because I am a priest of the Eastern Orthodox Church, let me hasten to add here that I went there in the guise of an American tourist. . . .

Our boat was met by a customs and immigration official. . . . I was not asked to submit to a search, nor was I requested to open my luggage.

The article makes much ado about the wealth of Athos. The author laments that this treasure could eliminate all the poverty of Europe. Any reliable historian, or competent economist or sociologist would label this as a naive statement. And if this were not so, I would say to the author that the annual budget of his own Protestant churches and organizations could accomplish the same thing. . . .

(*Continued on page 65*)

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Subscription prices to civilians: $2.50 a year; $2.00 in lots of ten or more to one address.

For chaplains: Bulk orders to bases for distribution to personnel (in person, by mail, in back of chapel, etc.) invoiced quarterly at fifteen cents per copy.

Published monthly by The General Commission on Chaplains and Armed Forces Personnel at 201 Eighth Ave., South, Nashville 3, Tenn. Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office, Nashville, Tenn., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

Send notification of Change of Address and all other correspondence to Lawrence P. Fitzgerald, Editor, 122 Maryland Ave., NE. Washington 2, D.C.

All scripture quotations, unless otherwise designated, are from the Revised Standard Version of the Bible.

How to Handle Temptation

By Smiley Blanton and Arthur Gordon

Every human being is vulnerable to temptations large and small. Some practical ways to keep them in their place

FOR more than forty years as a practicing psychiatrist, I have been trying to help people who have come to me because they are in trouble. And often they are in trouble simply because they don't know how to handle temptation.

Every day of your life, no matter how sheltered you are, you face some choice in which the wrong action is so seductive, so plausible, so pleasurable that it takes a conscious effort of will to reject it. Temptation is universal, as old as the Garden of Eden. Much of your happiness or unhappiness depends on your ability to handle it—instead of letting it handle you.

The first rule in dealing with any problem is to understand the nature of it. This is precisely what many people fail to do where temptation is concerned. They have little awareness of how the mind works, and thus never achieve the self-knowledge that is the key to self-control. This self-knowledge must include recognition of the fact that we are born completely self-centered and never fully escape. Even when the conscious mind achieves a high plane of selflessness and morality, a part of the unconscious mind remains as aggressive and amoral as ever. Often what we call temptation is nothing but impulses from this area of the personality colliding with the conscience of the individual.

So, when a person comes to me tormented by impulses of which he is ashamed, I try to give him some insight into this conflict. In addition, I try to strengthen his defenses against temptation by offering these do's and don'ts.

Accept your vulnerability. Every-

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one has "wrong" impulses. Recognize them for what they are, and realize that you are not unique in having them. The problem is one of understanding and control. A Chinese proverb says: You can't stop birds from flying over your head, but you can prevent them from building nests in your hair.

Don't stifle your conscience. The voice of conscience is more often a whisper than a shout, but the penalties for ignoring it—as any minister or psychiatrist can testify—may be far more drastic than you think. Whether you consider conscience a divinely implanted mechanism, a dim echo of parental authority, or the ancient and collective taboos of the human race, it remains the device in human personality that triggers one of the most destructive of all emotions: guilt.

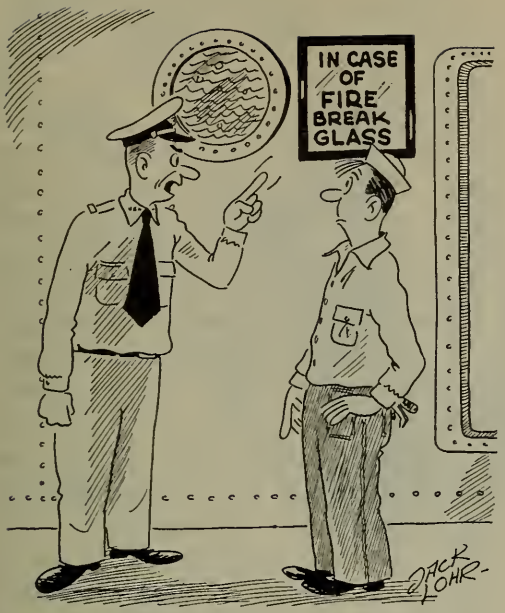
I have seen countless cases in which a sense of guilt was so painful and disruptive that the individual was virtually incapacitated. And even if the guilt is rejected by the conscious mind, it can still work its deadly paralysis on the unconscious level. Ill health, loss of energy, vague fears, lack of confidence, even suicidal tendencies can be what the Bible calls "the wages of sin." Robert Louis Stevenson wrote, "We are condemned to some nobility." What he meant was that for most people there can be no yielding to temptation without punishment, for even if their transgressions go undetected, something within them will see to it that they punish themselves.

Pray for help. Coming from a psychiatrist, this may seem surprising advice. But after a long life spent observing human behavior, I have no doubt whatever that entirely apart from its religious significance, prayer is one of the most effective methods of tapping the wisdom and power that exist in the great reservoir of the unconscious.

However, I do not think that the mere recitation or repetition of prayers is sufficient. In effective prayer there must be humility, relinquishment of desires, acknowledgment of helplessness. The psychiatrist cannot explain this fully, any more than the theologian can, but he knows that it is so. Self-surrender is the key. When this attitude pervades the conscious mind and sinks deep into the unconscious, the result is a serenity and clarity of thought that make right decisions not only possible but almost inevitable.

At the beginning of the Civil War, Robert E. Lee was offered command of the Union armies. Before coming to his decision, he prayed all night. Now, Lee must have been tempted. He must have known, even then, that chances of a Confederate victory were slim. He might even have foreseen that command of the victorious armies could lead to the Presidency. But after prayer he knew that his conscience would not let him fight against his own people. In all the years since, few have doubted that the decision he made was the right one—for him.

Chart your areas of weakness. Different temptations appeal to different people with varying degrees of



"All right, who's the comedian?"

intensity. A little honest self-analysis can prevent a lot of trouble.

Are you extremely ambitious? Then you will find it harder than most people to refrain from cutting corners (or throats) as you fight your way toward success.

Do you hunger for more importance than you think you have? Then you will have to guard against a tendency to drop names, to talk endlessly about yourself, to see a slight or a rejection where none is meant, to view everything in terms of self-reference.

Do you have perfectionist tendencies? Then you will have to resist the temptation to demand too much from everybody, including yourself.

Are you acutely dissatisfied with life? Then flight from reality through some such medium as alcohol may have a sinister appeal for you.

Each person has some area of vulnerability where temptation seems to lie in wait for him. Actually, temptation is not lying in wait; the flaws in our characters impel us to seek it out. The typical philanderer, for example, is convinced that an endless succession of romantic situations presents itself to him. In all probability, he creates such situations because he needs to have a shaky ego bolstered, or secret doubts about his masculinity reassured. When you know your own areas of weakness, the battle is half won.

Beware of rationalization. This is the great narcotic that people use to anesthetize their consciences and to justify yielding to temptation. An embezzler tells himself that he is just "borrowing" the money and will surely put it back. An unfaithful husband assures himself that what his wife doesn't know won't hurt her. In a thousand daily temptations, from exceeding a speed limit to padding an expense account, the rationalizer's attitude is: "Everybody's doing it. Why shouldn't I?"

Complete self-honesty is never easy. But if you can remember, in making a moral choice, that the temptation to rationalize is the most subtle temptation of all, you will be much more likely to make the right decision.

Look ahead. In nine cases out of ten, where temptation is concerned, the ultimate disadvantages far outweigh the momentary satisfactions. Test the truth of this on any small, everyday temptation. Are those extra drinks really worth tomorrow's hangover? Is the split-second satisfaction

derived from the spiteful remark worth the loss of a friendship? The answer that intelligence gives is almost always "No."

But strong temptation may blot out intelligence. As Freud said, "Intelligence can function reliably only when removed from the influence of strong emotional forces." So, the best defense is to remove yourself from the source of temptation—or it from you—before your judgment becomes clouded.

I saw an honorable man do this not long ago. His wife is a bedridden cripple. In the course of his work, he met a vital and attractive widow. Without intending it, they fell in love. But they did not ask the wife for a divorce, nor did they have an affair. They looked beyond the fulfillment of their immediate desires and decided not to see each other any more. As the man said to me, a little sadly, "We knew it would be impossible for us to walk to happiness over another person's heart."

Talk it out. Because temptation is such a personal thing, because it so often seems to involve unworthy motives or impulses, many people tend to keep their problems strictly to themselves. But if you are wrestling with an ethical dilemma it is better not to wrestle alone. Take the problem to your family doctor, to your minister, to some clear-minded and close-mouthed friend. Discussion often clarifies a situation in a way that no amount of solitary brooding can ever achieve.

Sometimes, indeed, what looks like temptation may not be that at all. Recently a young woman in her mid-20's came to me deeply troubled because she was being "tempted" to marry and leave her semi-invalid mother. But the desire to live her own life was perfectly right and normal. The real "temptation" was to go on neurotically sacrificing herself to her mother's exaggerated needs.

Don't expect miracles. Be reasonable in demanding restraint and self-control from yourself or from others. Even the saints had trouble living up to the golden rule. "The good which I should do," wrote St. Paul in humility and exasperation, "I do not, and the evil which I would not, that I practice." If a man with the iron will of St. Paul could be so torn, is it strange that we lesser mortals find the going rough? The primitive, selfish part of our personality will always resent rules, will always rebel against control, will always resist authority.

The struggle is never-ending. But if you can recognize temptation for what it is, if you can chart your own areas of weakness, if you can avoid rationalization and short-sightedness, you are making headway. And if you can hang onto your principles even when you fall short of them, you are out in front. Though you may still lose a few battles, in the end you are likely to win the war. ■ ■

PHOTO CREDITS

Pages 17, 59-61, U.S. Air Force; page 20, Three Lions; pages 23, 25, George Kossuth; page 57, Troy Kemper.

E. G. Adams & Son

By Catharine Brandt

Conflict between generations

ALL the while he stood outside his father's hospital room, Eddie figured out what he would do. Each time the heavy door swung open to let a slim, white-uniformed nurse in or out of the room, Eddie was a little more sure.

He had to get out on his own. He had just come from Bisbee-Moyer where he had been offered this accounting job. His father, who had counted on his only son coming into the hardware business, would throw a fit. Not more than a week ago Eddie and his father stood outside the store.

"How about it, boy?" his father asked. "Think it's time to change the sign?"

Eddie looked up at the big sign that read E. G. Adams & Co.

E. G. continued, "Make it read E. G. Adams & Son?"

But Eddie shook his head. "Not yet, Pa. Want to look around."

It wasn't that Eddie hated the hardware business or that he wouldn't like to see that sign above

the store changed. He had worked on the ledgers for the company the past two summers and after school and Saturdays and he knew his father was a good businessman.

But E. G. was also a good boss and there was bound to be trouble between Eddie and his father. E. G. Adams was of the old school that insisted on strict obedience, nose to the grindstone, solid thrift and security. Eddie, in his second year at the University, was forty years younger than E. G. and went in for Dow Jones and growth. And almost any time a problem came up for decision there was a fine clash of wills, with E. G. invariably coming out on top. Eddie figured he wanted to win some of the time.

Then there was that business of the "talent fund." Eddie hadn't liked the mystery of it, although he suspected it had something to do with his father's belief in God.

"Add it all together," E. G. said.

"How you gonna keep accurate books that way? No debits, no credits." Eddie was cross.

"Just go to the drawer and count the money. That's enough," E.G. said loudly.

"No auditor would put up with such a system," Eddie stormed.

"The Auditor I aim to square accounts with will," E. G. snorted. Eddie subsided and once again E. G. was on top.

Yes, sir. Eddie had it figured out. If he wanted to be anything but a yes-man he'd better take the job with Bisbee-Moyer, and the sooner he told his father the better. It would be far better, he thought.

THE heavy door of his father's hospital room swung wide open now and a pert little nurse told Eddie to go in.

E. G. Adams lay scowling beneath an oxygen tent, but when he saw his son he smiled broadly. "All things work together for good . . ." he said.

Eddie, somewhat awed by seeing his energetic father in a horizontal position, said softly, "Hi, Pa."

"Speak up," his father said. "So much racket from the oxygen machine I can't hear you." But without waiting for Eddie to answer he said, "Your mother's been here all day. Pneumonia, Doc says. Both lungs."

"That's tough, Pa." Love and tenderness for his father gripped him. Then he leaned forward to tell his father about the job offer.

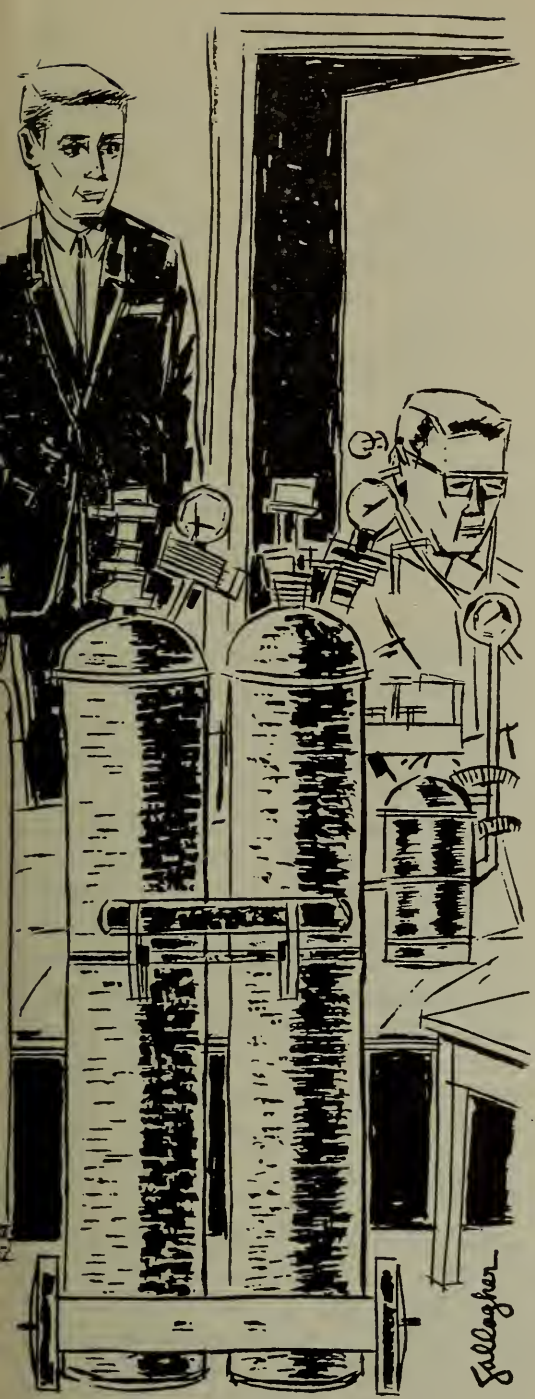
"You bring down the day's sales?" E. G. asked. He coughed and fell back weakly against his pillows.

Eddie shook his head. He had left the store early to see about the new job. "I'll bring the report down tomorrow morning," he said. "You'll be in the hospital a while?"

E. G. scowled and nodded. Eddie figured he would have to stay out of classes to keep an eye on the hardware store while his father was sick.

Before he could suggest this, E. G. said, "You better stay out of classes and run the store while I'm here." Then he added, "Be sure you get down in time to open up."

Eddie stiffened. *That's what I mean,* he told himself. *Bossing. Never gives me credit for thinking or being grown up.*



The older man closed his eyes.

Eddie hesitated a moment before asking, "Pa, you know anything about Bisbee-Moyer?"

Under the oxygen tent E. G. moved restlessly. "You'll have to get the pay roll ready, too. Keep an eye on the part-time help." He rested a minute. "Don't want any foolishness while I'm laid up."

Shifting his weight to his other foot, Eddie saw that his father was weak and ill. He decided this wasn't the time to tell him about the new job. He had a few days actually to make his decision. In the meantime he would spread it out before his mother at dinner. On second thought it might be better for her to explain to E. G. about Eddie's new job.

He found her preparing their meal and anxious about his father. Before he could speak of the job, his mother said, "Your father works too hard. Always thinking of other people. He needs a rest."

Eddie noticed the tired droop to his mother's shoulders, and he listened, even agreeing with her. His father was great. He was good and kind, too. But there was this bossing, his habit of anticipating Eddie's ideas and speaking out before Eddie did, as if his son couldn't think of anything that great all by himself.

His mother said, "Your father always felt what he had was a trust from God. He worked hard to make the store a success so that he'd have more to give back to God."

WHILE eating his dinner, Eddie kept quiet and listened to his mother relive the past. "When

we were first married," she said, "your father started a little fund. Called it the 'talent fund.' Said he wasn't going to bury his talent."

Eddie sat up straight. "Talent? You mean like the parable in the Bible where the man hid the money instead of making it work for God?"

His mother nodded. "Whenever some large or unexpected amount came in on accounts your father put part of it into the 'talent fund.'"

"So that's the mystery of the talent fund?" Eddie went on eating and listening.

"Not a mystery exactly. Just sort of private. He helped widows with that money, and people who couldn't pay their doctor bills, or were burned out, and he started more than one young man in business."

Eddie began to understand why the fund wasn't itemized. It was too personal.

"Your father never kept a record of how much he spent or how it was used. 'God knows,' he used to say."

Here was a side to his father Eddie hadn't known about.

"It was an extra fund," his mother continued softly, "besides what he gave regularly to the church." He saw that his mother's eyes were wet. He had thought that E. G. was all business and bossing. Here was a tender side to his father.

"Your father never wanted anyone to know when he was doing good. He used to say, 'When Eddie grows up, I'll tell him about the fund.'"

Eddie was ashamed of his hardness and at once he wondered who would be responsible for the talent fund if he took the new job.

His mother looked at him closely. "Today your father said to tell you about the fund," she said.

Eddie pushed his plate from him and went to stand before the kitchen window. It was dark outside, but he was trying to see into the future. After all, as E. G. Adam's son he was responsible for that fund, too. Still he needed to stand on his own feet and make some decisions of his own. This he couldn't do as long as he let his father boss him.

THE problem kept him awake for a long time that night. He figured and counted and still he couldn't come up with the right answer. He was still uncertain when he reached the store the next morning. He had a right to look out for his own needs, hadn't he?

ALL-AROUND BEING

Each day he liked to walk a mile or two
To keep his healthy body strong and trim;
He played a game of golf and tanned his face;
He learned to take a hunt, to fish and swim.
He also worked into his scheduled hours
A needed exercise to build his soul;
Through meditation, reaching out in prayer,
He added growth that made his being whole.

—Inez Franck

In the mail two rather large, long overdue payments came in. Eddie stared at the checks for some time. Then, just as he had seen his father do many times before, he divided the money, putting part of it in the "talent fund."

Next he called the personnel man at Bisbee-Moyer and said, "About that job—"

"Like to have you start next week," the man interrupted.

Eddie swallowed. "Well, you see, it's this way—"

"By the way," the personnel man continued, "we've reviewed your qualifications and can offer you a higher salary than we talked about the other day."

Eddie hesitated. The offer was attractive. He could have his own "talent fund," and perhaps do more good away from his father. But his father was counting on changing that sign over the door.

"Hello. Hello." The man on the other end of the phone was impatient.

Eddie spoke up at last. "You see, my father needs me. I've decided to turn your job down." Eddie could see a new sign over his father's hardware store.

Afterward he made another phone call. He had a good clean feeling and picking up the sales report for the day before, he set out for the hospital. There he found his father better and out of the oxygen tent for a few hours.

"Hi, Pa," he said. "Here's yesterday's sales." He watched while his father read the report. Then Eddie told of the two unexpected payments.

E. G. looked up sharply. "Put part of it in the 'talent fund'?"

Eddie grinned. For once he was on top. "Yep, Pa. I did already." He hesitated. "Something else I did, Pa." Then he looked his father in the eye. "I had 'em change the sign."

"What sign?" The older man was unsure.

"E. G. Adams & Son now, Pa," Eddie said with confidence.

The older man's face broke in a big smile. E. G. reached out and gripped Eddie's hand. "Don't know what to say, except good for you, my boy."

Eddie smiled calmly.

His father leaned forward. "Where do you think that money in the 'talent fund' will do the most good?"

Eddie stood tall and straight. His father was asking his advice. And that was when Eddie knew he had figured right this time.

■ ■

WORTH QUOTING: Most teen-agers think that their family circle is composed of squares.—Dan Bennett in *Quote*. . . . The most combustible wood is a chip on the shoulder.—*Denver Post*. . . . Diplomacy is the business of handling porcupines without disturbing the quills.—*Citadel*. . . . A miser isn't much fun to live with but he makes a wonderful ancestor.—*Wheels*. . . . Every time you turn green with envy you are ripe for trouble.—*Daily Times*, Anchorage.

Knowing God's Way for Us

By Robert A. Proctor, Jr.

FOUR airmen were discussing their future plans.

"When I'm discharged, I'll follow through with plans I've had for a long time. I'm going to be a high school science teacher."

"Why do you want to be a science teacher, Tom?" asked his friend, Dick.

"Two reasons, really; first, I believe we need more and better scientists to win this space race and I want to give young people a good foundation in high school. Then, too, my own high school teacher helped me get my thinking straightened out in lots of ways. After my college and service experience, I think I can help today's teen-agers as he did me. But, what about you, Dick? What are you going to do?"

"I want to get into the newspaper business if I can. If all goes well, I hope to publish a small town paper of my own someday," he replied.

"I guess that would be exciting. Is that the reason it interests you? I don't imagine you would get rich as a publisher."

"No," Dick answered reflectively, "it really isn't because of money or excitement I want to be a newspaperman. I've prayed a lot about this and feel it is God's will for my life. I believe my life can mean more for Christ as a Christian editor than it could in any other vocation."

The third fellow, Harry, said with a wave of his hand, "You guys can have this service motive and religious stuff. I've got some friends who are going to put me in touch with the right people who will set me up in business so I can make a pot full of money. That's all I want; then I can get anything else."

Finally Sam spoke up: "I'm going on in the service. I plan to re-up. I believe that in the Air Force I have as good a chance as anyone to do God's will. I can help defend freedom and the Christian way of life and to me this is mighty important."

Here are four men facing life at a choice point and making four different decisions. Recall what each man said. What factors influenced their decisions? How are decisions made?

Mr. Proctor is Associate Professor of Psychology, Southern Baptist Theological Seminary, Louisville, Ky.

How Decisions Are Made

Basically decisions are made against the background of what psychologists call the inner frame of reference. This is made up of many interrelated factors—what we perceive or how we see situations. For example, one sees a situation as "dangerous" and avoids it. Another sees the same situation as "thrilling" and seeks it.

However, another factor now enters the picture, our sense of values. We may see an activity as being potentially dangerous, or extremely unpleasant, but necessary to achieve a goal to which we are deeply committed. We decide to take a calculated risk in order to attain the goal. Closely related to these is a third factor: our attitudes or basic predispositions. Our attitudes toward other people in general, toward particular groups of persons, toward the church, or toward God may be important, though often unrecognized forces, in determining our decisions.

Is there a distinctly Christian frame of reference, or outlook on life? If so, how can it help us to make decisions which are in harmony with the will of God? What are the characteristics of such a perspective and how may we develop them? How may we know at the moment of decision just what God's will is?

To take the last question first, we cannot always know for certain at the moment of decision that we have made "God's choice." Still, we must take a leap of faith in the direction in which we believe the will of God lies. From that point on we walk by faith, continually looking for check points to give some further indications as to whether we're on the right path or not.

A Few Check Points

A look at some of these check points will help us to understand the nature of a Christian frame of reference or outlook on life. Or, to answer the first question above, yes, there is a Christian perspective against which decisions may be made. This could be summed up in one word: Christlikeness. Jesus Christ is the only person who ever lived perfectly within the will of God. The more closely we pattern our lives after his, the surer we are of pleasing God.

Here are a few check points, or guideposts, to help us determine a way of life which will be pleasing to God.

1. How do we see persons? Harry saw his friends, not really as "persons," but as "things" to be used to help him reach a personal goal. With such a viewpoint friends are often discarded when they have served their purpose. Tom saw persons as worthy of his service, and this service as a way of expressing his gratitude to other persons who had seen him in the same perspective. Dick and Sam saw persons as created in the image of God and for the purpose of fellowship with God.

How did Christ see persons? We read, "And Jesus looking upon him loved him" (Mk. 10:21) and, "So Jesus had compassion on them" (Mt. 20: 34, KJV). His basic attitude toward persons was one of

love and concern. If decisions concerning others are made against this point of reference, we cannot be far from pleasing God.

2. What does the Bible say? There are many reasons for the effectiveness of Billy Graham's preaching but surely one of these is his ability to make the message of the Bible relevant to men's lives today. This fact, the relevancy of the Bible to the life of modern man, is often overlooked as we face moments of decision. Christ promised in John 16:13 that the Holy Spirit "will guide you into all the truth." This truth of God is to be discovered as we study the Word of God under the guidance of his Holy Spirit. If decisions are made in the light of this truth, one will steadily progress toward living a life pleasing to God.

Then, too, through the processes of imitation and identification we often take into our personalities aspects of other persons whose lives we study intently. The Gospels tell us of Christ. As we study them we learn more about the life and ministry of Jesus, we catch a vision of his glory and so we come to be more like him. Walking where he walked is to follow in the will of God.

3. What do Christian friends say? The value of the thoughtful counsel of a Christian friend is never to be discounted in seeking God's will. That friend may be a chaplain, a civilian pastor, a Christian layman, or a fellow soldier, airman, or sailor. Not being as deeply involved he may be able to look at the situation more objectively. Sometimes simply talking over a decision or problem with a Christian friend will help us to see more clearly God's will.

It is good if we can counsel with these friends in a person-to-person, face-to-face relationship. However, much wise counsel can be gained as we read the writing and lives of some of the great Christians such as Luther, Calvin, Knox, the Wesleys, or Roger Williams. Christian magazines such as *The Link* also contain helpful articles. God may direct our lives toward his will through the printed word as well as the spoken.

4. What does God say? This is the basic question, and the above suggestions may help us in answering it. Finally though, it must be answered in a personal encounter by the seeker-after-God's-will and God himself in the depth and privacy of one's prayer life.

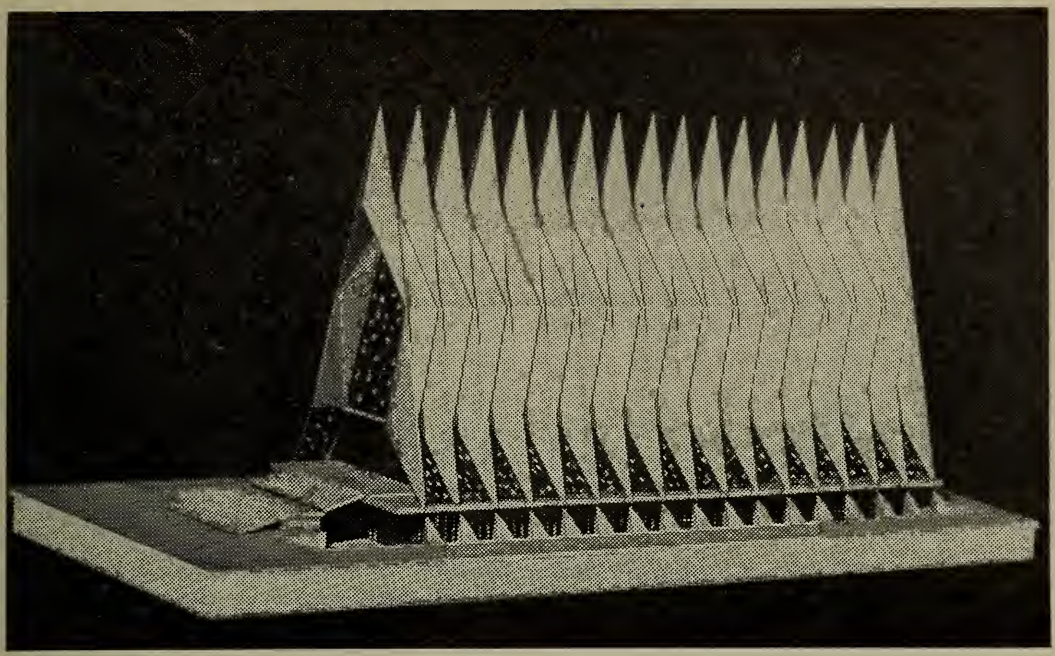
When we know God's will, then we must seek through prayer the courage to live it out. This is not easy. It takes a real man to be a Christian in today's world. ■■

Why I Am a Christian

CONTEST WINNERS

This month's contest winners in "Why I Am a Christian" contest are: First place to A/2c Joseph R. Feasler, 7272nd ABW Hedronsec., Materiel, Box 1063, APO 231, New York, N.Y. Second place to Pfc Carldine H. Martin, Wac Det, USAG, Ft. Lawton, Washington.

You are not a dynamic person simply because you blow your top.—*Banking.*



Scale model of the 17-spired Air Force Academy Chapel. The spires are "skinned" with aluminum and alternate with stained glass panels.

Uncle Sam's Chapel of the Future

By Florence K. Frame

JUST north of Colorado Springs, Colorado, in the shadow of Pike's Peak, lies an enormous, striking lay-out of contemporary architecture called the United States Air Force Academy. And dominating the campus scene is a structure like none you've ever seen before. It is the Academy's towering, seventeen spire, aluminum and glass Chapel.

This impressive building rises one hundred and fifty feet above the ground, its spires pointing sharply heavenward as though reaching for inspiration. Appropriately, nature provides a magnificent backdrop in the massive front range of the Rocky Mountains.

That the Chapel should have such a commanding position on the

Academy campus seems only right and natural. Uncle Sam believes firmly that our future Air Force leaders need a living religion as much as technical training. A recognition of God has always been the basis of our national philosophy.

Yet the Chapel is the last of the major buildings to be put up at the Academy. From the very first plan, the type of architecture to be used was controversial. All over the country there were those of us who took a personal interest. We wanted Uncle Sam's Academy church to look like a church.

Finally, a plan was acceptable and after lengthy debate, Congress approved over three million dollars for its construction. In September of 1959 the work began. Now it is nearing completion.

When you look at the Chapel, you can't help being moved and impressed. Made of concrete, steel, aluminum and glass, it is a handsome monument to the construction methods of the twentieth century. About a year went into the base and the terrace-level of the building. Then, in October of 1960, construction of the complicated upper or spire area began.

To make the seventeen spires, one hundred tetrahedrons, which are pyramid-like structures framed by four steel triangles, were needed, Each is seventy-five feet long and weighs between ten to twelve thousand pounds. Raising one into place was no small operation. It required two giant cranes. To keep these units in place, they were attached overlapping each other.

"This is the first time construction of spires made of prefabricated steel tetrahedrons has been used on a structure anywhere near this size," says the architectural firm in charge. "Builders everywhere are interested in the results."

So is every citizen of the country. Somehow, after the many discussions about its appearance, each of us feels this Chapel is his personal legacy to the Academy.

Even the workmen who were involved daily in this all but impossible job took a personal interest. When the last tetrahedron for the roof was lifted into place and attached December 1960, they proudly fastened a branch of Colorado Ponderosa pine to it as a Christmas decoration.

With the steel framework in place, the next step was to "skin" it with aluminum. Then stained-glass panels were installed between the spires. This completed the major outside work.

Inside the Chapel there are actually three chapels, one for Protestant, another for Catholic and a third for Jewish worshippers.

The Protestant nave is on the upper level. It runs the length of the Chapel and seats nine hundred cadets during one service. The entire enclosure is bathed in the soft multicolored light coming through the stained-glass panels. You cannot help feeling reverent in this atmosphere.

The terrace level is divided between the Catholic and Jewish naves. Precast concrete panels alternate with glass inserts on the exterior walls. To the south, the entrance

leads to the rectangular Catholic nave. It seats five hundred and its windows are also stained glass.

On the opposite end is the Jewish synagogue. It is enclosed by circular wooden uprights with inserts of white opalescent glass. Three groups of pews face east to seat one hundred cadets.

"Since we haven't had any kind of chapel building up to now, we're thrilled with the beauty of this one," says a cadet. "We've been holding our services in available space on campus. Having a Chapel all our own means a lot to us."

Attendance at on-campus services is mandatory for freshman and sophomore cadets. Upperclassmen may go to any church of their choice in neighboring Colorado Springs if they prefer.

But the cadets' religious life is not confined to what is required. Voluntary activities have popped up from time to time like the crocus in the spring. Some cadets sing in the choirs. There are two. Others attend special early morning prayer services.

Still others are Sunday school teachers for children of the faculty and campus personnel. Were you to look in on these classes you might be nonplussed to see a young man in a trim blue uniform with a tiny tot on his knee and surrounded by youngsters, telling a Bible story. Or another engaged with his class in a lively hymn-sing.

"How the cadets find time for all the preparation and planning that goes into these classes is beyond me," says a member of the Academy faculty. "But they do and love it."

"Congratulations! Your wife just gave birth to $1,800 worth of healthy exemptions."

When you look at the entire Academy curriculum, of course, the Sunday school activity is but a drop in the pool. But the young cadets who've had this enriching teaching experience say they'll never forget it. In the academic world where much is required, this bit of themselves they give freely without compulsion.

Uncle Sam has built a spectacular structure in recognition of God for all time. "The Chapel of the future for an Air Force of the future," the architects call it. And the religious services held here will inspire the thousands of young men who participate to serve God and their beloved country. ■■

The only something you can get for nothing is failure. *Survey Bulletin.*

By William Barclay

JOHN, the Man Who Learned To Love

THERE are at least three things which give to John a unique position among the Twelve:

He was the disciple whom Jesus loved. Of all the Twelve, John was nearest and closest to the heart of Jesus. *He was the disciple to whom Jesus entrusted the care of his mother, Mary* (Jn. 19:26, 27). Even amidst the agony of the cross Jesus took thought for Mary and it was to John that he committed her for support and for love and for care. Surely in all history there has been no more sacred trust. *Behind the Fourth Gospel, which is perhaps the greatest of all the Gospels, there lies the witness and the authority of John.* It may be, as scholars think, he did not actually pen the Gospel himself, but beyond a doubt behind the Fourth Gospel there is the mind and heart of John.

If ever a man was changed, John was changed. When we read the Gospel story, James and John, his brother, do not emerge as attractive or winsome or lovable characters.

1. At first John was *a man of ambition.* He and his brother James came to Jesus with the request, that, when Jesus came into his kingdom, they should be the chief ministers of state, and that they should sit one on his right hand and one on his left. No wonder the other disciples were annoyed! (Mk. 10:35-45). John wanted to get to the top, and he did not care if he stole a march on his comrades to get there.

2. At first John was *a man of a violent temper.* When a Samaritan village refused hospitality to Jesus and his disciples, when they were on a journey, John's reaction was to wish to call down fire from heaven and to blast it out of existence (Lk. 9:51-56). Jesus actually nicknamed him and his brother James, *Boanerges,* sons of thunder. John was a man with a thunderous and an explosive temper.

3. At first John was *a man of intolerance.* When he saw some one working cures in the name of Jesus, he abruptly tried to stop him, because he was not one of the Twelve (Mk. 9:39, 40). John would have no intruders on the special privileges of the Twelve.

But John was a miracle of grace. The one word which runs through all John's writings is the word *love.* He remembered how Jesus said: "A new commandment I give to you, that you love one another . . . By this all men will know that you are my disciples, if you have love for one another" (Jn. 13:34, 35). When he wrote his letter, he said: "Beloved, let us love one another; for love is of God" (1 Jn. 4:7). He went so far as to say that the man who does not love, does not know God; and that the man who says that he loves God and who hates his brother is a liar (1 Jn. 4:8, 20).

John was perhaps the only one of the disciples to die a natural death in old age. He died in Ephesus, and they tell that his disciples wished for a last message from him. "Little children," he said, "love one another." Again and again he said it; and they asked him if that was all he had to say. "It is the Lord's command," he said, "and, if this alone be done, it is enough."

The man with the overreaching ambition, the man with the volcanic temper, the man with the savage intolerance, had become the man for whom love was the only thing in this world which mattered.

John was a man who was re-created in Jesus Christ and who was reborn in Jesus Christ. Jesus took him and remade him. The rugged strength remained, but now to the strength there was added the love which turned the strength to beauty.

Harry Emerson Fosdick has a sermon with the title: "No Man Need Stay the Way He Is." John is the final and the unanswerable proof to that. And to this day the grace of Christ can take any man and so re-create him that the old things will be passed away and all things will become new, and love will be born within his heart.

QUESTIONS

Why is John called "the disciple whom Jesus loved"? What changed John from a "son of thunder" to "the beloved"? Why do you think John mentions love so much in his writings? What do you think of John's statement that if a man does not love he does not know God? Where did John live in his old age and how did he die? How does John prove that "no man need stay the way he is"? Give your own personal estimate of the disciple John.

One of the world's four great sopranos

International Music Ambassador

By James W. Carty, Jr.

Eleanor Steber

ELEANOR STEBER, who has sung more firsts than any other person in Metropolitan Opera history, is an international musical ambassador from America to the world.

For Miss Steber has appeared in feature roles at several of the important music centers in Europe. In addition, she sang in fifteen Asian countries and her tour was described by some officials as "the best cultural relations job of our country."

She is now Dr. Steber. At commencement time in 1960, she received the honorary degree of Doctor of Music from Bethany College, the oldest degree-granting institution in West Virginia.

The citation for the conferring of the degree appropriately pointed up the accomplishments of Miss Steber. She has helped the United States mature "into an awareness of her responsibility in cultural and artistic leadership commensurate with the level of her material achievements."

Continued the tribute:

"It is a matter of pride to Americans that this artist who has demonstrated so convincingly the universality of music on an international scale is American, both by birth and training. It is a matter of particular pride to residents of the Ohio Valley that she is a native of Wheeling, W. Va.

"Miss Steber's accomplishments

represent an important contribution to music and opera. But even more significantly [she] has helped focus American thought on the humanities and the aesthetic in an era when powerful forces have tended to deprive civilization of its sensitivity to the human spirit."

For two decades, members of a civic club, the Wheeling Rotary Club, have helped advance the career of Miss Steber. She in turn has visited Wheeling often and given reports which have taken people into the "close-up, personal and intimate view of the world of music." This keeping alive her home ties has been a source of vitality to Miss Steber.

A REVIEW of how her career developed will give some idea of how civic clubs, religious groups, and other local organizations can foster the arts and music in their own communities throughout the nation.

She has been raised in a musical atmosphere. Her mother never fulfilled her opportunities to become a great opera singer—because there weren't so many opportunities, even for one of her great voice.

Today, with the numerous scholarships, other aid programs, and the great number of talent scouts and increasing numbers of professional singing positions open, there are many, many more opportunities for persons who desire to enter this career field.

Mrs. William C. Steber had played the organ at a Lutheran church in Wheeling, while her husband stood by and pumped the organ. She encouraged her daughter, Eleanor, to be a fine pianist.

Eleanor went to the New England Conservatory to study piano. She switched to voice under the late William L. Whitney.

He predicted she would become a great singer—but not as soon as she imagined. He told her she would have to practice regularly, and started her on exercises and Mozart.

Eleanor had thought of becoming a musical missionary—of singing at little churches in remote corners of the globe. Instead she was to become a far different kind of missionary. She was to go before secular groups —and there win respect. Her career took a new turn when she appeared on the Metropolitan Opera Auditions of the Air in 1940. She won and a new vision of musical heights was set before her.

Then Wheeling decided to give Eleanor Steber a homecoming concert—as a send-off into the musical world. The late George Kossuth, one of the nation's greatest photographic artists, was named chairman of a committee to plan the event.

A homecoming concert was arranged and all Wheeling was interested and anxious to pay tribute to the Wheeling girl that had won fame in the music world. Tickets went on sale at The Virginia Theater and were sold out in two hours. The theater was not available for a second night's concert so it had to be moved to Madison School for the following night. It was decided to repeat the opening night concert and give the identical program at Madison.

After the expense money was deducted, the proceeds were given Miss Steber to help finance her career. And the training and background of providing for grand opera are expensive.

Here was the rugged schedule in the early days of Miss Steber's rise to fame:

8:30, breakfast; 9:00, breathing exercises; 9:30, correspondence and telephone; 10:00, vocalize; 10:45, taxi to Metropolitan; 11:00, rehearsal; 1:00, lunch; 1:20, costume fitting; 2:00, conference with manager; 3:00, home to study score; 3:30, practice with accompanist; 4:00, light dinner; 5:00, rest in bed; 6:00, hot bath and black coffee; 6:45, taxi to Metropolitan; 7:00, dressing room, make-up; 7:20, costume; 7:30, wig; 8:00, the voice warm-up; 8:40, on stage; 11:08, final curtain; 11:30, light supper with friends; 12:30, bed.

Miss Steber dressed for one of her operatic roles. The two photos used with this article were made by the famous photographer, George Kossuth.

Miss Steber is regarded as one of the world's four greatest sopranos, along with Maria Callas, Renati Tebaldi, and Zinka Milonov. She has humility, great faith, an outstanding voice, and is beloved by everyone—from the chorus through the stage hands and wardrobe mistresses.

IN 1960, Wheeling observed a twenty-year anniversary homecoming. George Kossuth again was chairman of arrangements for the concert—which was held at the Capitol Theater—and for other events. The Wheeling City Council proclaimed June 1 as Eleanor Steber Day. The homecoming parade was led by two bands, including one from her alma mater, Warwood High School.

Twenty years earlier, Miss Steber also had given a concert at Bethany College. The audience filled Commencement Hall and overflowed onto the corridor and the grounds. There were loud-speakers to carry her voice to the estimated audience of 4,000. She sang again in 1960 at the dedication of the school's new $1,000,000 Thomas W. Phillips Memorial Library Building—the day before the commencement exercises.

In the intervening twenty years,

1940-60, she had sung forty-five different roles at the Met, made annual cross-country concert tours. She never forgot her home. For the first thirteen years, she sang every summer at the series of concerts at Oglebay Park near Wheeling.

Her many friends in Wheeling have gone to New York to encourage her. They have been able to go backstage, to meet noted opera singers, to visit their dressing rooms, and get an intimate glimpse into the lives of the world's great musicians. Her parents, of Warwood, near Wheeling, also attend many of her Met appearances.

She has sung in numerous symphony concerts with the world's famous conductors. They include Toscanini, Koussevitsky, Ormandy, Mitropoulos, Walter, Reiner, Szell, Beecham, Munch, Monteux, Sargent, Kostelanetz, Pelletier, Serafin, and others.

Actually, Miss Steber is a star in four languages in five fields: opera, concerts, television, radio and records. She sings in three different vocal repertoires: dramatic, lyric and coloratura soprano. She has the widest international audience of any singer in the world today—from New York to Hong Kong, from Tokyo to Athens, and from Baghdad to Hawaii.

In her world tour in 1957, she made thirty scheduled and twenty unscheduled appearances within three and one-half months, a total of fifty appearances, despite the differences of climate and food and despite travel complications.

In Ankara, they headlined her as a "good sport" because she sang with a fever of 102. In Saigon, they wrote about Miss Steber, prima donna as "The Primitive Donna," because they were amazed by her stamina. In Hong Kong, they called her "Number One Sing-Song Girl, U.S.A.," because they thought that was the most complimentary title they could bestow upon her.

In Baghdad, she was the first Western singer to give a concert; she was hailed as "A Miracle." At Dacca, East Pakistan, she made not only her schedule concert, but also made a free appearance for six hundred students of the Dacca University.

At the Bulbul Academy, as at student concerts, she appeared in a glamorous sari. She enjoyed the program of Indian music and dances, and contributed two songs of her own, accompanying herself on the native harmonium. Her interest in the local artists, their instruments and rhythms captivated her hosts at the Bulbul Academy. Miss Steber, singing George Gershwin's *Summertime,* while attired in a sari and seated Indian-fashion on a floor mat, and accompanying herself on an Indian harmonium, was pictured in the local press. This photo did much to dispel Asian antagonism toward America, which often is pictured abroad as feeling itself culturally superior to so-called backward nations.

MISS STEBER was not just satisfied with fulfilling her concert appearances. But she found time in the hectic schedule to make impromptu appearances at universities

and colleges and various cultural events in different places.

For years the Russians have accused the United States of lack of culture. Yet, Miss Steber, showed them up. She was the first important prima donna to have sung in Djakarta, Indonesia, since Galli-Curci. At that time, Miss Steber sang two concerts in competition with a Russian circus—and both her concerts outdrew the animals and their trainers.

Miss Steber has an apartment on Park Avenue, where she lives during the opera season.

She also has a country home on Long Island, "Melody Hill." The house, of Normandy architecture, overlooks Long Island Sound. It is guarded by three prize-winning Dalmatian dogs.

Miss Steber collects china figurines that pertain to music. She also collects antique silver and rare glassware. She does oil and water color paintings and is an amateur photographer. An excellent sportswoman, she rides horseback, plays golf and tennis, and swims. An excellent cook, she entertains guests with her culinary achievements.

Miss Steber shops in the little town of Port Jefferson where she greets all the villagers by name—the lobster fisherman, the man who runs the ferry, the girls in the shops. She is one of the villagers.

Eleanor Steber is married to Major Gordon C. Andrews, whom she met in Saigon.

In Eleanor Steber, America has given an international figure to the world. ■■

The Beggar Poet

By Richard R. Smith

UNDERSTANDING WALKS

SPEED and understanding
are not always side by side.
Understanding sometimes walks
when speed would rather ride.
Some things cannot be hurried
like the aging of a cheese;
Men grow slow to wisdom
as the saplings grow to trees.
Thus if speed is all important
to a nation or a man;
There is much about his neighbor
he will never understand.

NOT NEGATIVE

RELIGION is more than a
negative sign
Faith is a substance that grows.
Heaven's not earned by the things
you have spurned
And a Christian can't win by his
"No's."

OMNISCIENCE

IN vain I sometimes try to hide
a sin not easy to confide
to God, and yet I know that he
Sees all, forgives, and still loves me.

MY PLEA

I AM the beggar poet
I plead not for your gold
But for your faith in Jesus Christ
and your immortal soul.

One by One

By Walter E. Woodbury

ONE at a time, men find the true way of life. Sometimes this happens in a great mass meeting, under powerful preaching. More often, a friend leads a neighbor into the way of Christ or a small group helps its members to see the way of true life and to follow it.

Men are like Diesel engines in one respect: they are made to "go" on a certain track, and when off that track they are lost, useless, and generally damage themselves and other people. Jesus Christ came saying, "I am the Way" and "the Way is straight and narrow that leads to life." This suggests that the way of Christ may be as confining to a man as a railroad track of a certain gauge is confining to the engine built for that gauge. But true freedom and the power to serve humanity is quite dependent upon a man's finding the way for which God created him.

Naturally, then, those who have found the way must help others to find it. Only an abnormal and wicked man, upon discovering the cure for cancer, would keep it for himself. Any normal person would share it with others and be eager to get it to the whole world. Thus it is that real Christians are interested in evangelism.

How?

Just how can one go about helping a friend into the way of Christ? In the first place, such a person must make a sincere effort to follow Christ himself. To follow him, whatever else it may involve, would mean *first,* love for God—or a life of vital prayer and real fellowship with God himself; *second,* love for one's neighbors—that is, practical helpfulness toward others. Without the witness of such a sincere effort to follow Christ, what we have to say in recommending him counts for little.

But where there is such a sincere effort, even an imperfect Christian can befriend a neighbor and become a means of introducing him to Christ. Sometimes the influence of a truly Christian life will be the basic factor in helping another to find Christ. But more often, the witness of one's conversation is necessary, for all of us at our best are subject to inevitable shortcomings. Even redeemed human nature falls short of high

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ideals set for us in Jesus. But there is no substitute for the sincere effort to make Christ the real leader in one's own life. This is basic to helping others to know Him.

Sometimes when one sees the importance of adding the witness of his word to that of his life, in his enthusiasm he becomes fanatical and drags talk about Christ in at all times. This is a mistake, for it drives many away from Christ. The true Christian will work closely with the Holy Spirit, who is the essential and effective Agent of conversion. The leading of the Holy Spirit in helping others find Christ is a reality for those who believe in Jesus and prayerfully cooperate with him in evangelism. There are times when the wisest thing a Christian can do is to wait for the Holy Spirit and make sure contact with him before he undertakes to help others into the way of Christ. This was true of the Christians who saw their Lord and master crucified on Calvary. Staggered by this seemingly impossible event, they were counseled by Christ himself to wait for the assurance of God's presence with them, before going out to make disciples for Christ.

But more often it is wrong to wait. We who know Christ should plan definitely and promptly to help others to know him. During his lifetime on earth, Jesus prayerfully selected those most competent for the task and trained and sent them forth. First he sent the Twelve, in six pairs, to witness to their own kinfolk of the nearness of God and the kingdom. He told them to go to the Jews only, at that time. A year or two later he "appointed" seventy others, probably over in Perea where there were many Gentiles, and put no restrictions on them as he sent them two by two into every place where he himself was about to come.

This plan of Jesus sending out witnesses two by two, has been used widely in recent years, not only in America but around the world, and is proving very effective in city and country, in civil life and in military life.

More recently, small face-to-face groups have become numerous, under various names. Some of these are groups within the church, and some outside the church. Often they are people of similar backgrounds, experience and involvement with life. They talk freely and honestly about the things they enjoy and the things that irritate, cause tension or frustration. Many of these groups "search the Scripture" together for guidance, and pray together seeking divine light and direction. Many today are asking seriously the question, "What would Jesus do if he were in my place, facing the inevitable problems of my job?" Such group fellowships are proving most helpful to individuals who seriously seek to go in the way of Christ.

Facts of Christian Experience

Whether one works in a great mass meeting, individually, two by two, or in a small face-to-face group, he does well to recall certain facts of Christian experience, and to bring these facts to the attention of those he hopes to win for Christ.

1. The first great fact is that God made this world and loves it dearly, even to sending his Son to die for its redemption. The familiar condensation of the Gospel in John 3:16 is still effective in presenting the claims of Christ to men.

2. Those who have seriously taken the leadership of Christ have a blessed assurance of sins forgiven and right relations with God. They have strength beyond their own with which to face temptation and moments of weakness. They have the greatest cause men have ever dreamed of as their cause. In time of sorrow and death, they have an unspeakably helpful source of comfort in their faith in the risen Savior. Eternity becomes a reality to them, and they can look forward to life after death with the eagerness of a boy anticipating what it will be like when he becomes a man!

3. The Christian home is a blessed reality, and it is possible for every family that will to take Christ seriously. Most of us have known a family or two that was like a bit of heaven on earth because of the Lordship of Christ in that home.

4. Normal human beings, especially businessmen and young people, are attracted by the possibility of leaving the world a bit better than they have found it. In other words, they like to feel that they can be of real service to the world. And what greater service can anyone render in any position than to give to that job a Christ-controlled personality? And who better than Christ can help one to such helpfulness in life?

"He's the strong, silent type. He hasn't said 'boo' all evening."

5. Our world is split in two. One-half is led by atheistic Communists; the other half by God-fearing Christian men. This is a day that calls for men who believe in God to stand up and be counted! Men who do not believe in him ought not to join the church. It will do them no good, neither will it benefit the church or the world. But men who do believe in him and mean seriously to follow Christ don't belong outside the church! It is, therefore, appropriate that every Christian churchman should invite any believer in Christ to join with us in the church and make it a mighty power for God and righteousness in the world.

Fortunately, the consciences of men who have heard the story of Jesus are with us in our evangelism; and God's Holy Spirit does not fail those who cooperate with him in recommending the leadership of Christ to their fellows. ■■

for the price of a horse

By suzanne thomas

HE was born a slave. His mother was stolen from the poor farmer who owned them when he was still an infant. The farmer saved him from the brutality of the raiders at the cost of a fine race horse. It was a good bargain, the thieves reasoned—the child was sick and would probably die, but the horse was sound and would fetch a good price. The farmer, Mr. Carver, was hardly rich enough to lose a good horse, but he was not nearly poor enough to watch a helpless infant go to his death. For the price of a horse, that farmer saved for America one of her greatest scientists, George Washington Carver.

George was as puny a boy as could be imagined. It was as though he was never quite able to overcome the frail beginnings that were his. Undersized and handicapped by a serious speech defect, he could hardly have been the rugged sort of child a farmer hopes to raise. The Carvers were childless, however, and taught and loved the Negro child as though he were their own. His youth was spent in those first bewildering days of freedom that followed the Civil War. Negroes, said the Northern victors, were free men, entitled to all the rights and privileges enjoyed by their white neighbors. To Abolitionists the "cause" was accomplished, but to the beaten South, both Negro and white, freedom meant the destruction of a way of life. Bitterness rose high on all sides. To accept defeat and to accept a slave as an equal, all at the same time, was more than the pride of many Southern citizens could stand. Liberation, as far as many Negroes were concerned, was a fine and high sounding idea, but for many its concrete meaning was poverty and abuse worse than any known under slavery.

This was the world into which young George came. His personal handicaps—speech, poverty, and physical weakness—and the special handicaps of his race, were all against him. Yet he set out with gifts that more than made up for these: determination, a keen intelligence, and an unshakable religious faith.

George was scarcely ten years old when he left the Carver farm to attend a school which admitted Negro children in a neighboring town.

Even then he was possessed by a desire to learn the secrets of the natural world around him. The restless craving for knowledge that motivated him as a mature scientist stirred him then as a small boy. He was aware of a destiny with the dimness of a child's emerging sensitivity, but knew only that he must go to school.

The child's mind grew with startling rapidity. In two years he absorbed all his first school had to offer. He moved again, this time to Fort Scott, Kansas, to attend a high school. "Here," he told biographer Margaret Seebach, "I began to feel a renewed gratitude toward Mrs. Carver who taught me to cook and to sew and to do embroidery, which I have done ever since. They were the means of supporting me through many hard years."

College presented another series of struggles. He established his own laundry service, added music and art to his scientific curriculum, and once more was progressing rapidly. Studying was for young Carver both a privilege and a delight. When he received his bachelor's degree, Iowa State College put him in charge of its greenhouses, and asked him to supervise work in systematic botany. This job and further study enabled him to take the degree of Master of Science within a few more years.

IN the lives of all great men we find milestones which mark turning points in their careers. If we would single out one such time for Carver, the fall of 1896 seems the best choice. It was at this time that he began two life-long occupations: service at Tuskegee Institute (then in its infancy), and friendship with its founder, Booker T. Washington. The two men, so alike in their dedication to Tuskegee, made a striking contrast in appearance. Washington, the elder of the two, was a vigorous man, tall and as broad-shouldered as a professional athlete. He spoke in a deep, commanding voice, and held high a head whose features were strong and the complexion tawny. He gave an impression of strength and dignity.

Carver was his opposite. He was of a slight, almost childish build, and moved with a light-footed grace. He stood as though poised only a minute before darting away to another of his projects. He spoke in a peculiar high-pitched voice, and had delicate features in a very dark face. Biographers point out that people were immediately drawn to his bright and questioning eyes. From the moment the two men met they felt a sense of mutual respect and admiration. The impulse grew into a life-long friendship. Years after the death of the older man, and when international fame reached the younger, bringing with it offers from the world's greatest wealth and the world's greatest universities, Carver refused to leave Alabama. "I promised Dr. Washington I'd work at Tuskegee," he said with his usual simplicity. "He's gone, but Tuskegee and work and needs remain."

Dr. Carver arrived at Tuskegee anxious to improve the farming techniques of the South's poorer areas. The Institute seemed to promise the

opportunity, and he arrived at his post full of enthusiasm. His first look at the school's facilities left him genuinely appalled, however. "I had never seen anything like it," he recalled years later. "There was yellow soil and red and purple and brown riveted and banded, and all sorts of things, except grass or plants. There were erosion gullies in which an ox could get lost!"

The Institute had no laboratories, no greenhouses, no gardens. As soon as he arrived, Dr. Carver had asked Dr. Washington to show him the labs. "We'll go to the Agricultural Hall," Washington replied. "It's our newest building, put up by the students. They are mighty proud of it."

"But the laboratory—" Carver protested.

"Also, it has plenty of space," Washington continued.

"I see," the young man said. "You mean you're giving me the space and—"

"God has given you the brains!" the older man finished for him.

"Well, I guess together we ought to manage a laboratory," Carver chuckled, and so began his life work.

The famous laboratory was equipped from the outcast utensils of local housewives. Dr. Carver and his students scoured the town for lamps, jugs, pots, pans—anything that could serve the purpose of the expensive crucibles and beakers that Tuskegee could not afford. Dr. Carver's entire philosophy seemed to be that nothing must be wasted. He turned a twenty-acre plot of "no-good" ground into an exhibition place of the most perfect cotton that either students or farmers had ever seen in the area. He accomplished his miracle by using processes now practiced by farmers all over the world—soil enrichment and crop rotation. His capacity for making "something out of nothing" is legendary. The number and the variety of products he produced from the peanut alone is so great it is nearly comical. They finally numbered over three hundred, ranging from nitroglycerine to Worcestershire sauce. Dyes, soap, wood stains, milk products (including ice cream!), axle grease, flour, and chicken feed all were manufactured in Carver's laboratories from peanuts.

Dr. Carver's idea was a simple but daring one—to manufacture what was needed from resources that were available. He began with confidence and patience and a land that was ironically both barren and abundant, and concluded with the invention of a new science—the science of *ersatz* or substitutes.

TO sum up George Carver's contributions in terms of scientific or educational achievement is hardly adequate. He was a man of quiet dignity and rare humility. The white farmers around Tuskegee regarded him with a combination of distrust and wonder. After all, who had ever heard of a Negro professor? They were torn between the dictates of custom and prejudice, and the persuasion of Dr. Carver's gardens. Racial equality seemed to these farmers to be an unjust and unreasonable invention dreamed up by Yankee

crackpots. It could only have been after swallowing a good deal of pride that a group of these people asked Dr. Carver to come to their church and tell them about his soil improvement programs. They were poor families and badly needed any help they could get that would increase their farms' production. Carver pleased his audience; he spoke simply, in terms any farmer could understand.

After the meeting the botanist chatted casually with the farmers. It had been a particularly poor year. "We were able to get this church up," one of the men commented, "but we just can't raise the money to paint it. By spring, if crops are good, maybe we could get enough together, but by then the rains will have done a lot of damage to such new wood."

George Carver was no stranger to poverty, and to the mean little deprivations it imposed. A man could stand patched overalls and meals that did not quite satisfy, and still stand tall as a man; but to see something that he had built with his own hands, something good that meant a better life for himself and for his children, to see this thing almost completed and then to watch helplessly as it was rotted by indifferent winter rains, this brought a keen kind of devastation that reached into one's very soul. This kind of poverty could kill the last spark of dignity a man possessed. George Carver knew this from his own experience. Here was the real problem that all Southerners, Negro and white alike, must lick. It was as though this realization was a catalyst to Carver's quick mind. These farmers must have paint, he thought, and they must have it as surely as plans for soil improvement. If his skill and training could bring them one, he was convinced that it could bring the other.

Paint was an expensive luxury in those days before our miraculous synthetics. Carver could buy it no more easily than the farmers; but he was ablaze with an idea. Since the day of his arrival at Tuskegee he had been fascinated by the brilliant display of color in the clay-like soil that surrounded its grounds. Once he had dropped his handkerchief in a swampy part of that soil, and when he picked it up, saw that it was now a bright blue. He went to work on a sample of that soil. He washed and strained it until he held a clean, gritty sediment. He reduced this to a fine powder with intense heat. The powder mixed with hot and cold water, then with oils. Carver excitedly tested his mixture, first on paper, then canvas, and finally on wood. He was satisfied at last. He had paint, good durable paint, and it was there for the taking in the clays of his Tuskegee swamp.

The farmers' church was painted before the cold descent of winter rains could touch a board. The little building pointed heavenward with a steeple of brightest blue. Quiet Dr. Carver had accomplished a number of things. Here was an impressive beginning to an important new field—the cheap means for manufacturing good paint. More important than this was the working part-

nership that had begun between Negro and white Southerners. Most important of all, a wise and sympathetic human being had reached out to his fellows in a time of need; in so doing, a miracle occurred (as they so often do when one man turns spontaneously to another) in that whole new sources of plenty were opened to them. It was a miracle of human sharing . . .

He was born a slave, and he remained one of his country's greatest servants. George Washington Carver lived these words of Jesus:

. . . Whoever would be great among you must be your servant, and whoever would be first among you must be slave of all. For the Son of man also came not to be served but to serve, and to give his live as a ransom for many (Mk. 10:43-45). ■ ■

VALUABLE PIG

A farmer had a valuable pig which won many blue ribbons. A storm came up one night and the farmer's wife asked him to go upstairs and close the window by their son's bed. He ignored the suggestion. But a few moments' later he jumped out of bed and ran out to look after his pig's comfort.

Next morning the wife told her son of the incident.

"Why," the son asked, "would Pop worry more about the pig than about me?"

The boy's mother replied: "I think the difference is that the pig's daddy is a thoroughbred."

—Ralph W. Clevenger, *Indianapolis Star*

HERE'S a guy who wasn't satisfied! A. Anderson who went by the name of "Young Apollo," in Australia at age twenty-four (June 29, 1935) weighing 139 lbs., pulled three cars with his teeth—weight 6,605 lbs. Not satisfied he pulled four cars weighing 8,725 lbs. Still not content he took a bridge position supporting a full-sized piano on which a 168-lb. man pounded the keys and a 126-lb. girl did a dance on the lid. That satisfied him!

• Georgetown (Ill.) beat Homer in an Illinois District Basketball tournament by a score of 1-0 on March 6, 1930. The penalty shot was made in the first half.

• Perhaps the highest score ever compiled by a basketball team was in a game between Kansas City, Kans., and the Rainbow A.C. during the 1923-24 season. The score, Kansas City 234-Rainbow A.C. 2!

• Here's another bang-up fact. During a regular 70-game season the average major league hocky team will smash 750 to 800 sticks! It's a pretty expensive smashup because they run about $3.50 each.

—Mario De Marco

By Charles M. Laymon

How the New Testament Came To Be

NEARLY everyone has seen a motion picture film stopped in its tracks so that the shot became a still rather than a moving scene. When the film was rolled again, the life returned to the screen once more. In a very real sense this is an analogy of the Bible as it was lived, written, studied, and is put into life once more through study. The mighty acts of God were recorded by men who had been caught up in them and touched with their power; then they were put into a book. In studying the Scriptures under God's spirit they are released again and enter our lives. The figures on the printed page become flesh, blood, and spirit once more.

In considering how the Bible came to be we are looking at the living situations out of which it came. Only thus can its true nature be understood. It did not drop suddenly from the skies, ready-made and complete. We have seen how the Old Testament developed, step by step, with the growing experience of the Hebrew people. Now we shall discover that the New Testament was also written in the midst of the mighty acts of God. This time, however, it is as God moves to touch men in Christ that these scriptures came into being.

The Life and Ministry of Jesus

Although the Gospels were not the earliest of the New Testament documents to be written, it was a sound instinct on the part of the church to place them at the very opening of the Canon. The story they tell marks the beginning of the Christian movement, since it was because of the birth, life, ministry, death, and resurrection of Jesus that the church was born and with it the New Testament Scriptures.

It was to the people of the Old Testament that Jesus first came with his wonder deeds of power and his message of the kingdom of God. Those who responded to him regarded his mighty acts as messianic signs; the hopes, and dreams of the Hebrew nation were seen as being fulfilled. In his life they felt the presence and power of God himself.

This experience of his followers was brought to new heights of blessing by the death and resurrection of Jesus. The cross that had seemed to be a dead-end street turned out to be an arterial highway into the future. On the third day Jesus rose from the dead and made his presence known to those who were faithful. They were gloriously convinced that because their Lord was alive, the dawning of the kingdom that their fathers had expected and that Jesus had proclaimed was at hand.

Those who knew the reality of the resurrection were drawn together into a fellowship. This bond was further forged into a deeper union through their experience of the coming of the Holy Spirit at the Feast of Pentecost (Acts 2). Here the church was born, quickened with power, bright with hope, and assured that greater glory still lay ahead when the kingdom would come in its fullness. Step by step it found its way into the future, discovered its own true character, developed its organizational life, and undertook to realize its mission in the world. And *it was in the process of doing these things that the New Testament was written.* The acts of God in the church called it into being.

The Pauline Letters

The earliest writings of the church as found in the New Testament are the letters of the Apostle Paul. This amazing correspondence is unique among the literature of the world's religions. It has been the pole star for theologians for nearly two thousand years. Here are to be found the basic doctrines of the Christian faith, as the apostle interprets the significance of Christ and the new life in the kingdom that God brought to men through him.

These epistles, however, were not intended by Paul to be theological treatises. They were, instead, the correspondence of a practical missionary as he sought to keep contact with the churches, most of which he himself had founded. Reports of the problems, questions, needs, and interests of the new Christians reached his ears through the grapevine or by personal messengers, and the apostle felt called

upon to answer them. His replies were direct and personal, brilliant, and absorbing.

Sometimes Paul's letters reach great literary heights, as in the hymn to love in 1 Corinthians 13. Again, they are scintillating in their biting sarcasm as in what is usually referred to as the Painful Letter, found in 2 Corinthians 10-13. Here Paul sought to bring into line the church in Corinth that had temporarily turned its back upon him. At other times these letters are weighted with a mighty logic, as in the Book of Romans which the apostle wrote to define his faith and thus introduce himself to the Christians at Rome.

The letters that are usually attributed to Paul are 1 and 2 Thessalonians, Galatians, 1 and 2 Corinthians, Romans, Colossians, Ephesians, Philippians, and Philemon. Ephesians is sometimes referred to another unnamed author, who included in the writing some Pauline materials, as are also 1 and 2 Timothy, and Titus. The latter are called the Pastorals because of the guidance they contain for pastors of congregations.

The Gospels and Acts

Before and during the time that Paul was writing his letter, considerable literary activity was taking place. The members of the new church that had come into existence following the resurrection and Pentecost greatly needed guidance as to what a Christian should believe and how he should live.

In order to meet the above situation the early church began to gather together all of the stories about Jesus that could be found, together with his teachings. There were many still living who had heard him, including most of the disciples. Probably at first these were recalled and orally passed along, much as the early tradition of the Old Testament had been. We think, however, that some of these were written down very soon after the church was founded, and that they were put into brief collections of anecdotes on specific subjects.

In time it was felt that lengthier statements were needed in order to guide the church more effectively, and thus these briefer "pamphlets" were gathered together, edited, and the result was a full-blown gospel such as Mark (A.D. 65-70). And in this same way, the authors of Matthew and Luke, twenty years or so later (ca. A.D. 85-90), combined Mark with traditions of their own concerning Jesus. They also used another collection of the teachings of Jesus that had been made which we call Q, the first letter of the word

quelle meaning *source,* to produce major gospels of their own. In this way, Matthew, Mark, and Luke came into being. The Book of Acts (ca. A.D. 90) is really an extension of the Gospel of Luke, being written by the same author to relate the story of the further development of the Christian movement until the faith reached Rome at the hands of Paul.

The Gospel of John (ca. A.D. 100-110) was written later than the other three which are called the Synoptic Gospels because they look at the story of Jesus more or less alike in spite of their individual emphases.

Other New Testament Writings

There are other New Testament writings in addition to the Pauline Letters, the Four Gospels, and Acts. These also came out of the very life of the church as it sought to define its beliefs, guide its life, and inspire faith and action. The mention of but a few will illustrate their character and how they happened to be written.

Hebrews was probably written about A.D. 90 to instruct the Christians who were about to face persecution under the Roman emperor, Domitian, while the Revelation to John was written about six years later (ca. A.D. 96) to encourage the church in the midst of this persecution that actually developed. The Book of James is homily or sermonic writing that was probably written late in the first century to counteract an undue emphasis upon faith, to the neglect of works. And 2 Peter was probably penned about the middle of the second century (ca. A.D. 150). Its purpose was to quell some of the unrest that had developed because the Lord had not returned from heaven as had been anticipated, and to warn the church against false teachings or doctrine.

The question might be raised as to how these New Testament writings that were directed to readers so long ago can be of value today. And the answer is that they define the meaning of Christian faith and belief with such pointedness, warmth, and spirit that God has been speaking to the church through them for nearly two thousand years. They have been shown to contain the Word of God for all time.

The Making of the New Testament Canon

We saw how the Old Testament Canon was decided upon. Now we shall inquire how the twenty-seven writings of the New Testa-

ment came to be regarded as authoritative scripture. In this case also it will be seen that the procedure was gradual, and of such a nature as to result in the best of all possible selections.

First of all, it should be said that just as the very writing of the Christian Scriptures came out of the life of the early church as it sought to be Christian and to interpret the meaning of its faith in Christ, so also the determination of the several books that went into the Canon was also a result of the tests of use and spiritual vitality.

The practice developed of reading literature that the church had produced—the letters of Paul, the Gospels, and the other Christian writings—whenever the believers came together for worship and praise. Not every church possessed a copy of each of them; perhaps some only had portions of an epistle or gospel. But whatever it was, a leader would read from it and then comment upon its meaning. This was similar to the practice of the Jews in the synagogue, and quite likely the Jewish Christians encouraged it. Also, whenever a letter of Paul was first received, the church would gather together to hear it read. His advice and counsel were cherished. Sometimes we believe they read, in addition, from the Greek translation of the Old Testament, made by seventy-two scholars in Alexandria around the year 200 B.C. This was called the Septuagint.

In time, lists began to appear in the writings of the church fathers. These separated, in a semi-official sense, the heretical from the orthodox. A wealthy shipowner named Marcion (ca. A.D. 140) in Rome published such a list. It included ten letters of Paul (the pastorals were omitted), and the Gospel of Luke. Marcion did not name Matthew because he considered it too Jewish.

By the year A.D. 150 the Roman Church had recognized all four of the Gospels as scripture. Others making their selections were Irenaeus in Gaul, Tertullian in Africa, and Victor of Rome. Some of the lists included books that did not make the grade finally, such as the Shepherd of Hermas and the Revelation to Peter. For one hundred years the Roman list contained only twenty-two books; Origin in Alexandria had twenty-nine. In A.D. 367, however, our present selection of twenty-seven writings appeared in the Easter Letter of Athanasius. This list held firm and was officially approved as constituting the Canon by the synods of Hippo Regius (A.D. 393) and Carthage (A.D. 397, 419). Thus it was that the New Testament Canon came into being. Both the Holy Spirit and the test of time were active in this living process of selection.

Another Mei Wong story

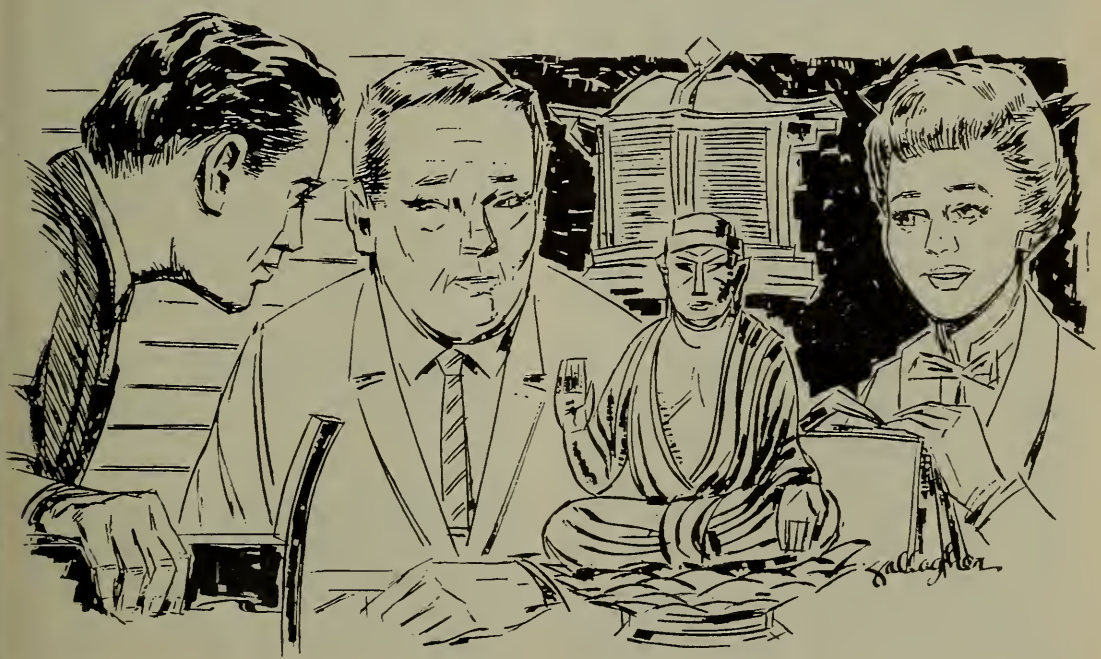
Mission for Mei Wong

By Charlotte and Dan Ross

BRIGHT shafts of sunlight thrust through the half-opened Venetian blinds of Mei Wong's studio on the top floor of Bombay's Empire Hotel. The stout proprietor of the famed Bombay Art and Curio Company sat behind his wide mahogany desk facing his visitors, Phillip Myles, world famous artist, and his wife, Grace.

The woman spoke: "It was my hope you might be able to do something for Phillip, Mr. Wong." Her tone was uncertain; her face pale and worn. "I don't know quite how to tell you this—but twice in the last six months he has tried to take his life."

Phillip Myles, tall and distinguished, rose from his chair. "Don't be melodramatic and ridiculous, my dear," he protested in a weary voice. "My wife imagines these things. She promised she wouldn't talk about them." He made a gesture of despair and Mei Wong noticed that the artist's hand perceptibly trembled.



"When did your illness begin?" the art dealer asked.

"About two years ago," Myles said. "Then this year the tremor in my hands became so bad I could no longer control a brush. They tried an operation. It didn't work. I haven't painted since." The artist spoke simply and bitterly and then moved across the room to study a giant red tapestry with flaming golden dragons.

"He feels he has no purpose in living any more," Grace Myles told Mei Wong. "I'm afraid for him."

Myles swung around on them fiercely. "So you interpret any unusual action I make as a suicide attempt! Well, I admit it! I am finished. Why shouldn't I get myself decently out of the way?"

Mei Wong's broad face shadowed with concern. "You have gone through a dreadful ordeal. I am not surprised at your despair or your wife's worries about you. But you must try and conquer this illness."

There was a second of silence and through the partly opened window came the sounds of the street below. The ding-dongs of ricksha bells mixed with the motorists' impatient honking horns, the whips of bullock drivers and a background of sing-song voices.

Phillip Myles advanced to the desk and stood over the immaculately white-suited art dealer, his face twisted with the agony of his feelings. "You know what the doctors have told me? They say I will never paint again!"

Mei Wong rose and touched a pudgy hand to his arm. "I understand," he said quietly. "You are an artist, a creator—dedicated to your work. But you must not abandon hope. Remember, acceptance is the first step in understanding."

Myles pulled away with a bitter chuckle. "Don't you start. I don't need uplift drivel. I've had more than my share of that."

Mei Wong said: "Nothing of the sort was in my mind. But I have a sudden idea. You might be the very man to perform a useful service for a group of which I am a member."

The artist held up his trembling hands. "Do I seem like a useful man?"

"At least hear Mr. Wong out," his wife suggested.

"Please," Mei Wong indicated the chair in which Myles had been sitting and after a moment's hesitation the artist slowly sank into it again. The stout man then continued: "In the turmoil of my native China a woman of great loveliness, whose future existence is vital to many of us, has vanished. Her name—Su Chan. We think she is somewhere here in India and want to find her before she is completely destroyed."

Myles was attentive; his interest caught against his will. He asked almost hopefully, "You mean I might be helpful in the search?"

"I do," Mei Wong said. "Since you are obviously ill and seeking your health by rest you could travel leisurely from place to place without causing suspicion. I can supply you with credentials and the names of our secret society members in the various places."

Myles stared at the art dealer.

"Are you really serious about this?"

"Your finding Su Chan is the thing of greatest concern to me at this moment," Mei Wong assured him gravely.

The artist turned to his wife: "What do you say, Grace? Are you willing to take on this slightly mad quest?"

She nodded. "I think it might be very good for you—for us."

Myles turned to the old art dealer again: "I'll take you up on it. At this minute anything different sounds good. I'll conduct the search for Su Chan. You can get the letters ready at once."

"I must warn you," Mei Wong said, "that this must be done in utmost secrecy. There is great danger in your mission."

For the first time Phillip Myles smiled. "Sounds better every minute."

"One additional thing," the art dealer sat at his desk again. "I would like you to send me a general report each day of the things you encounter on your journey. The things you see that strike you; the people you meet. It is partly an old man's whim, partly for reasons which I am not able to reveal at present. No doubt your wife could write down what you dictate?"

"I type very well," Mrs. Myles assured him, "and I'll see you get your daily reports."

AND so the quest began. Days turned into weeks and regularly the neatly typed letters appeared on Mei Wong's desk. So far in the journey Phillip Myles had not met with any success in his search for Su Chan.

The happenings at Bangalore were typical of those in the other cities. They arrived after a hot and dusty trip and as soon as they finished the evening meal went to visit a merchant for whom Mei Wong had given them a letter.

They pressed their way through narrow, crowded streets to a small brownstone shop. It was locked and so they took the creaking stairway that led to the quarters above and found their man kneeling on his prayer rug, hands folded, touching his head to the floor toward Mecca, making his late day devotions. In a moment he turned to them and taking his prayer rug under his arm inquired about their visit. Phillip told him, and the old man squinted.

"Yes, Su Chan was here briefly," the merchant said. "But she has gone. You may find her at a certain address I will give you. In Madura, near the coast."

That night at the hotel Phillip Myles dictated an account of his day and the impressions of what he had seen, and Grace typed them as usual for Mei Wong.

Madura proved a repeat of Bangalore—the elusive Su Chan had moved on. And so they took a boat to Colombo in Ceylon. It was the Vesak Festival, and all Ceylon had a festive air. Vesak lanterns swung gaily from the treetops of every corner, lit by flickering coconut-oil tapers. The agent they contacted was a wrinkled betel-nut vender who each day sat on the sidewalk near a large hotel.

He looked up at Myles with a toothless smile and told him: "She has gone north to Nepal."

And so they were faced with a long journey to the city of Patan. The search had so far taken weeks of hard traveling. But the result had been good for Myles. As he dictated his long, nightly letter to Mei Wong he showed no sign of downheartedness. His interest in the finding of Su Chan was genuine now. And his wife was happy in the way he had lost himself in this mission. The shadow that haunted her was what would happen to him when the end came. She hoped they would not catch up with the elusive Su Chan for a long time to come.

AT last they arrived in the hills of Nepal just outside the city of Patan. There they were guests of a wealthy merchant. He was middle-aged, ascetic and severe.

He faced them across the dinner table. "I have important news for you," he said. "Mei Wong is flying here with news concerning Su Chan. He should land at the airport on the evening flight. This could well be the end of your quest. I imagine you are pleased."

Grace Myles watched her husband's face for a reaction, slightly afraid of what she might see.

The artist studied his plate. "Yes and no," he said. "While I have been unsuccessful in my task, the quest has proved a blessing to me." He lifted his shaking hands. "For a time I forgot about these and my work."

Their host nodded. "I understand. Do you feel you can face the future?"

Myles smiled ironically. "What future?"

The merchant sighed and sat back in his chair. "Since you feel so badly, I will suggest a possible solution to your trouble. A few miles from here in the hills is an ancient Jain Temple. If you make a lone pilgrimage there by night, according to local legend, your problems are solved."

For a brief moment Myles felt a quickening of interest. "Thank you," he said. "But I hardly look for miracles now."

A thin smile appeared on their host's face. "Don't misunderstand me," he said. "I am not a mystic."

Within the hour Mei Wong arrived and Phillip Myles and his wife sat in the study of the great house with him.

"I'm afraid I failed you, Mei Wong," Phillip apologized.

The art dealer smiled blandly. "You have done better than you realize."

"What about Su Chan?"

Mei Wong hesitated a moment. "Now I must tell you. Su Chan is not an earthly creature. It is a name used in certain provinces of China to personify the Goddess of the Arts."

Myles jumped up. "What kind of a trick have you been playing on me?"

"A very happy one," Mei Wong said and took a letter from the inner pocket of his white linen coat and opened it: "This is a letter from a leading American publisher to whom I turned over the daily letters you sent me, picturing the various places you visited and the people you met. He's interested in your completing a book on what he calls your paintings in words. Are you interested, Mr. Myles?"

The artist stared at the old man in astonishment and then turned to the smiling, expectant face of his wife. He nodded slowly: "Yes—yes, I am, old friend." He shrugged: "And just a little while ago I said I wasn't expecting miracles."

Mei Wong gave him the letter. "There is an ancient saying of my people I always make myself remember: 'Man devises a thousand plans, but God has only one.' "

"Thank you, Mei Wong," Phillip Myles thrust the letter in his pocket and extended his hand to the old art dealer. "This is the second solution to my problems I've been offered tonight. I like it best."

Mei Wong raised his eyebrows: "And the other one was?"

"Our host here mentioned a Jain Temple in the hills a few miles back. He said that if I made a midnight pilgrimage there I would find a solution to my troubles. But I decided against it."

"You were extremely wise," Mei Wong smiled shrewdly. "The hills by the temple are infested by bandits. No one has ever gone out there at night and returned alive."

■ ■

WORTH QUOTING: Success is relative—the more success the more relatives. —*Echo*, Texas. . . . Upper crust is a bunch of crumbs held together by their own dough.—*Rotograph*, Texas.

Equipment for Life's Battles

By W. Truett Walton

THEREFORE take the whole armor of God, that you may be able to withstand in the evil day, and having done all, to stand . . . And take the helmet of salvation, and the sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God (Eph. 6:13, 17).

Look who is talking. A man who had been through enough to drive an ordinary human being into atheism. Yet, here he is clear-eyed, confident and vibrant-minded. This is no accident. He had a built-in resiliency which had grown out of his association with a wonderful Friend.

Paul had not intended to wind up in jail but the bitter, cruel, senseless criticism and misrepresentation of his enemies brought it about because he would not recite the old well-worn shibboleths in a pious fashion. Yet, even now, if you had a magnifying glass you could not find a nickle's worth of self-pity in his cell. They could put his body in jail but they could not imprison his mind.

This was not an act he was putting on. He was not one to spray his hearers or readers with a syrupy shallow optimism. He was Paul, the man, whose mind had been so stirred by the Spirit of Christ. He had faith in the goodness of God when he was free to tour the country and select his own road map. But now all that had changed. Now the test had come. Did he really believe what he had preached and written?

As he wrote every motion of his hands rattled his chain so he could not forget where he was—and, above this, he could never forget who he was—Paul, the missionary with a daring faith with which to meet whatever came. Not so long before while preaching in Ephesus his influence had been so strong that his converts voluntarily burned about $10,000 worth of books on pagan superstitions. He loved those folk. He could envision what they might become as Christians so he wrote to stir their minds and hearts, and ours.

All at once he seemed to hesitate for his racing mind sought a fitting illustration. His eyes fell on his Roman guard and under the inspiration of the Holy Spirit he suddenly realized that the equipment of this soldier furnishes exactly the light and the lilt for the climax of his letter. Life that is well-lived is never coasting downhill. It is not drifting with the tide, neither is it running with the crowd. It is a warfare and

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THE WHOLE ARMOR OF GOD

1. **The belt of truth (Eph. 6:15)**
2. **The breastplate of righteousness (Eph. 6:14)**
3. **The sandals of peace (Eph. 6:15)**
4. **The shield of faith (Eph. 6:16)**
5. **The helmet of salvation (Eph. 6:17)**
6. **The sword of the spirit (Eph. 6:17)**
7. **The provision of prayer (Eph. 6:18)**

no sensible soldier ever goes into battle without equipment. Everything one needs for this is available.

The Whole Armor of God

The whole armor of God is ready in your size. If you make use of it, you will be able to stand like a man created in the image of God. Sometimes the greatest thing a person can do is to stand. Many times your minds have gone back to the individuals in your community who always stand for what is best for the entire society and the church. They are not free from pressure groups or temptations but they have put on the armor of God and are able to stand.

The year I was a senior in college the president of our class was a buoyant and handsome man whose witty rejoinders were repeated on the campus, and whose outstanding talent and fine personality had made him perhaps the most influential man in the student body. He is not living now, but all of us honor his memory. One night about thirty upperclassmen got together and laid their plans to round up a group of freshmen and haze them. They came by this senior president's room and asked him to join them. Very calmly and in the most gentlemanly fashion, he said, "I'm not going. I'm through with such childish actions."

There he stood. The group melted away; everyone went his way, and there was no hazing that night. The stand of this one man had more influence than the college regulations against hazing and the promise of expulsion for such conduct which the administration held over the heads of the students. Also, it is well to note that his stand did not lessen his popularity in school for everyone in that crowd respected him for it and honored his convictions.

Important Equipment

This equipment is neither farfetched, nor imaginary. It is neither a theological dogma nor the invention of one who could not face reality. It came from a man who had worn every item mentioned, who knew its application and its strong protection.

Have you ever felt as you listened to your chaplain or to a minister in church that something he said was meant for you? One sentence from his sermon or prayer suddenly gave you a lift or a tug at the heart and your mind stood at attention as you thought, "That fits me exactly; that's what I have been looking for." If so, that was the Spirit of God speaking to you and you were then in a position morally and spiritually to put on the whole armor of God.

God does not expect the impossible nor ask the unreasonable. But he does furnish us the means by which

we can live up to the ideals which he has implanted in our hearts and minds. Our pagan cockiness and self-assurance may easily be our undoing for no man has strength enough in himself to combat all the evil forces which may surround him. Culture, fine as it is; education, necessary as it has become; ideals, marvelous as they are, cannot in themselves be forged into an armor of sufficient strength to protect us against all the evil which dogs our footsteps. This armor is not for some far-off and distant encounter; it is for today and today's need.

Victory over Evil

The evils we face are not imaginary. They are as real as geography, people and things. When thoughts and temptations we had neither expected nor desired come crashing into our minds, we are disturbed, humiliated and feel a sinking sensation. We feel sometimes that we must have been singled out for these and that we surely must be weaker and more shabby than others. But make no mistake about it, everyone who is normal is tempted and needs this armor in order to be able to fight the approaches of the Evil One.

If you will read the story of the temptations of Christ in the Gospels according to Matthew or Luke, you will learn that he did not use any means of combatting these temptations that is not open to you and to me. He used prayer, meditation and the Word of God and each of these will work for you and me as they did for him. These are the strategy which the armor of God enables you to use in all the episodes of life in every clime and in every circumstance.

Often when you and I cannot think as we know we should think and cannot feel as we know we ought to feel, it is well for us to remember some of the lines of that great old hymn, "I Need Thee Every Hour." It was written by one who had appropriated every item of the armor of God. It will open the door to the armor room for you so you can equip yourself. I have had to fight through my share of doubts and, if I were about to lose my faith, there is one stanza of that great song which would inspire me and strengthen me and encourage me to try again wearing the armor of God which Paul describes. Mrs. Annie Sherwood Hawks, who was born in Hoosick, New York, wrote this hymn in 1872, and as you read it or sing it you become assured that she knew well the armor of God and wore it. The greatest lines in it for me are:

> I need Thee every hour;
> Stay Thou near by;
> Temptations lose their power
> When Thou art nigh.

This is as solid and as true and as dependable as the law of gravitation! ■ ■

A Surrey (England) reader was entertaining the three-year-old daughter of her daily help. The child said her father had gone to work and asked my correspondent where hers was. Told he had died a long time ago, the child asked, "Who shot him?"—*Daily Telegraph.*

The Marble Model

By Rip Lynnfield

THE soldier lay flat on his belly, silent and motionless, deep within enemy territory. Directly above his head, on a large log obscured by underbrush, sat two enemy sentries.

The trapped soldier was a U.S. Army engineer on a hazardous scouting mission: spying out a route behind the front lines which could be used to surprise the enemy from the rear. He had made the mistake, however, of stopping at any inviting spring to quench his thirst. Enemy soldiers had suddenly approached, just giving him time enough to dive behind a large log. Discovery was certain at any moment; yet the success of the entire campaign hinged on his remaining undetected and returning to his lines with the vital information.

The engineer did not panic; he kept cool and used his head. For he came from a proud old American family and the blood of patriots flowed in his veins. His father had been a dashing hero of the American Revolution and two forebears were signers of the Declaration of Independence.

But the question now was, could he make the grade on his own? Was he equal to the present test?

He had made a good beginning. Letters of recommendation from no less than five U.S. senators and three congressmen had won him appointment to West Point where he earned the nickname, "The Marble Model," graduating second in his class without a single demerit! In the following years he was assigned to Fortress Monroe, Fort Hamilton, and the American West. It was there that he had made a name for himself as "The Man Who Saved St. Louis."

But now he was in a real war at last. Would the marble crack?

It was hot in his hiding place, unbearably hot. Swarms of insects attacked his body. And throughout the long, humid day he was continually cramped, tired, and very thirsty. Yet he dared not move an inch from his hiding place behind the log. For only a few feet away, so near that he could reach out and touch them, appeared an endless procession of enemy soldiers.

Finally, after an eternity of suffering and agony, the test was over. Night fell and in the darkness the tall engineer managed to slip away. His information enabled the U.S. invasion force to take the Mexican stronghold. And "The Marble Model" was on his way to glory.

(*Do you know the name of this American? Answer on page 51.*)

Conversation WITH A MOUSE

By
Arnold Porter

Dear Ma

WE interrupted our conversation with Randolph Mouse to receive a letter concerning mail.

"When are you going to write?" the letter from my mother read.

"If I don't hear from you in ten days I shall send the Red Cross a wire. I shall say, 'My son reported to your base three months ago and I haven't heard a word from him since. Stop. Is he dead? Stop.' "

Shuddering at the thought of what the Red Cross man would say to a chaplain who wouldn't even write to his own mother, we immediately set to work.

"Dear Ma," the letter began.

"I don't like it," said Randolph.

"How fortunate, then, that it's not to you."

"Yes," said Randolph, "but it's too brusque. You should begin 'Dearest Mother.' "

"If I did that she *would* go to the Red Cross."

"At least you could say, 'Dear Mother.' "

I typed "Dear Mother." The rest of the page and my mind were alike —blank.

"What shall I say?" I asked Randolph.

"Tell her when you got up."

I typed it in but nothing else came.

"Tell her what you had for breakfast."

In went the breakfast.

"Tell her what you did today."

That didn't take very much space either.

"Now what?" I asked.

"Ask them how they are."

I did that, added a couple of lines of my own and read it over.

Dear Mother,
Today I got up at six. We had sausage for breakfast. I didn't do much today except talk to Randolph. How is everyone at home? The children are as beastly as ever. We love you all.

Love,
Me

P.S. *Please* don't wire the Red Cross!

"It lacks something," I said. "I might as well send her an old dry cleaning list."

"Nonsense," said Randolph. "She'll love it."

Ten days later the answer came.

Dear Son,
I received your insipid letter today. It shows a certain lack of imagination but at least I know you are alive and thinking (more or less) of all of us here at home.
I suppose it's not so much what's in the letter that matters. It's just getting one. Please try again. (Or else.)

Love,
Ma

I showed the "Ma" to Randolph but, for once, he refused to comment.

■ ■

ANSWER
to "The Marble Model"

ROBERT E. LEE: One hundred and fifteen years ago this month, on March 3, 1847, Lee sailed with the American expeditionary force for action in Mexico. Throughout the many battles of the Mexican War, Lee continually distinguished himself by his personal bravery.

March is also the one hundredth anniversary (1862) of Lee's recall as a Confederate coastal engineer to Richmond where he was appointed Military Assistant to the President (Davis)—the beginning of Lee's brilliant Civil War career.

Daily Bible Readings

MARCH

DAY	BOOK	CHAPTER
1	Jonah	2:1-10
2	Jonah	3:1-10
3	Jonah	4:1-11
4 Sunday	Genesis	1:1-31
5	Genesis	2:1-25
6	Genesis	3:1-24
7 Ash Wed.	Joel	2:1-14
8	Genesis	4:1-16
9	Genesis	6:1-22
10	Joshua	1:1-18
11 Sunday	Isaiah	53:1-12
12	Isaiah	58:1-14
13	Isaiah	60:1-22
14	Isaiah	65:11-25
15	1 Thessalonians	5:1-28
16	2 Thessalonians	3:1-18
17	James	1:1-27
18 Sunday	James	2:1-26
19	James	3:1-18
20	James	4:1-17
21	James	5:1-20
22	Exodus	20:1-17
23	Psalm	51:1-19
24	Psalm	96:1-13
25 Sunday	Psalm	97:1-12
26	Psalm	125:1-5, 126:1-6
27	Romans	14:1-23
28	Romans	15:1-33
29	2 Peter	1:1-21
30	2 Peter	2:1-22
31	2 Peter	3:1-18

Freedom at Stake

By Dean Rusk

THE underlying crisis of our generation arises from the fact that the Soviet Union did not join the United Nations in fact, as well as in form, and lend itself to the commitments they and the rest of us made in the midst of a great war.

The possession of power was transformed once more to ambition for more power.

The capacity to defy law became a contempt for law.

Doctrines were revised and adapted to promote an imperialism as old as the tragic history of man.

An entire people was sealed off from the rest of the world, and secrecy became a prime strategic weapon.

The institutions of the international community were either ignored or undermined from within.

In the process, the very language of international intercourse became distorted and contrived.

"Peace" has become a word to describe whatever condition would promote Communist world revolution.

"Aggression" is whatever stands in the way.

"People's democracy" is a term applied to regimes no one of which has been chosen by free election.

"Self-determination" is loudly espoused but only in areas not under Communist control.

The normally attractive word "negotiation" is used as a weapon, for the only subjects to be negotiated are further concessions to Communist appetite. Agreements are offered, but against the background of a long and sobering list of broken promises; an agreement is apparently a rest camp, where one pauses and refits for a further advance. New assurances are offered in the very act of withdrawing those earlier given.

Neutrality is temporary, a pasture growing green for future grazing. Some time ago, Mr. Khrushchev said: "The revolutionary emergence of more and more peoples into the world arena creates exceptionally favorable conditions for an unprecedented broadening of the sphere of influence of Marxism-Leninism. The time is not far away when Marxism-Leninism will possess the minds of the majority of the world's population."

(C) B. P. Singer.

THE underlying crisis is not an ideological conflict between nineteenth-century capitalism and nineteenth-century Marxism. It does not result from a bilateral conflict between the Soviet Union and the United States.

The central issue of the crisis is the announced determination to impose a world of coercion upon those not already subjected to it.

If this seems exaggerated simplicity, let us not be misled by our own reluctance to believe what they say, for on this point they have proved that they mean it. At stake is the survival and growth of the world of free choice and of the free cooperation.

The underlying crisis has shown itself in many forms, from the cynical disregard of the pledges on liberated areas, made at Yalta, to the latest threats to West Berlin. The calendar of conflict between these two dates is filled with unceasing attempts to expand an empire—some successful, but many repelled by those determined to be free.

It is essential to get on with the building of the world community designed by the Charter. This we would do in any event, but it is here that the breadth and depth of the crisis are fully revealed and it is here that those who would not be coerced can act together for a world of peace.

We speak of uncommitted nations, and we usually mean those who are committed to neither of the principal blocs on the present scene. But all nations have commitments arising out of their own interests and out of their own hopes for the future. In the United Nations, commitments to the Charter can weave the fabric of common interest which, by reaching beyond the Cold War, may determine its outcome.

The agenda of our foreign relations is filled with problems requiring and getting urgent attention. If there are those looking for still waters, we are not yet there. We can move on with confidence if we are prepared to do what has to be done. The free world has enormous strength, including the inner strength of purposes which are deeply rooted in the nature of man.

The world of coercion has its problems, too. Dissensions within its ranks, national resistance to this modern imperialism, and a growing demand for freedom are among them. It has learned that economic aid does not buy puppets, that intimidation awakens its own resistance, that the U.N. is tougher than they thought, and that those who set out to "possess the minds" of men have set themselves against the course of history.

Our democracy must have its turbulent debate. Free nations will, of course, differ among themselves as they move to build a common interest out of disparate circumstance and varied responsibility. But the underlying crisis is becoming more widely understood, and out of it will come the responses which men must make when their freedom is at stake. ■■

A fool and his money are soon invited places.—*Banking.*

No Dream Is Too Small

By Marie Frances Nasch

Publisher Hotoshi Uchida with dust cover of *Goodby, Earth.*

THE doorbell rang at our home in Washington, D.C. I opened the door and there stood the mailman in a chilling rain.

"I didn't want this package to get wet," he said, holding out to me the small brown package.

I took it, smiled and thanked him. Seconds later, back in the pleasant warmth of the living room, I nervously tore away the wrappings and beheld, in a never-to-be-forgotten moment, a new book. This was not just any book, for among its crisp, new pages, sharing honors with stories by four other members of the Armed Forces Writers League, were four of my own short stories.

IT all began in Japan in 1957 when I joined the newly forming Tokyo Branch, Number 25, of the Armed Forces Writers League. The first meeting was held in the Meiji Club in the government housing area of Washington Heights, just outside Tokyo proper. Some charter members had already written successful books. Others were photographers. But most of us were, like myself, rank amateurs seeking fellowship in a group dedicated to uphold, instruct, encourage and aid each other in the pursuit of the elusive written word.

We met monthly to read one another's manuscripts, to report on sporadic sales, and to give one another the encouragement we sorely needed. Then when President Eisenhower launched his "People to People" program, we were immediately challenged by this idea. Here we were living in the heart of Japan with an excellent opportunity to do something constructive about the President's suggestion. So we unanimous-

Condensed from U.S. Lady *and used with permission.*

ly decided to accept Japanese persons interested in writing as associate members of our group. This would afford us a chance to know and understand one another; we would meet on common ground as people to people. Not long after, we launched our first short story contest for Japanese nationals. We did make this provision—the stories were to be written in English.

We worked hard sponsoring the unusual contest for we had to encourage our friends to write and then be courageous enough to submit their material. We also had to act as judges. Finally, we awarded the first prize to a young Japanese housewife. The depth of her story startled us all and we were moved at having discovered this fine new talent. As a result of publicity about our contest, Mr. Hotoshi Uchida, publisher, first learned of our group. However, we did not meet him until over a year later.

At that time we were already in our second short story contest. To our joy, Mr. Uchida's publishing firm offered a prize of 20,000 yen (a little over fifty dollars) for the winning story. This amounted to double the average month's salary for a Japanese. Moreover, he promised to publish any stories submitted by young Japanese that were of merit, plus a writing contract for the three first-place winners. The first prize was won by the daughter of a Japanese diplomat.

As Mr. Uchida and Lieutenant Goble, our Branch president, worked together, they developed a warm friendship.

Mr. Hotoshi Uchida's firm is known as the Uchida-Rokakuho Publishing House of Tokyo, Japan. Uchida himself had been taking post-graduate work in the library sciences at the University of Michigan when he was called home to assume the management of the family business, his father having met with severe illness. Once he told us that he had often dreamed of branching out into English language fiction, an unheard of venture for a firm such as his. Except for a limited number of text-books in English, the firm's production had been strictly in the Japanese language. But this dream of Mr. Uchida was still very vivid in his mind when he first became acquainted with the activities of Branch 25. Another factor was the voracious reading habits of the Japanese, especially for American-style fiction. Mr. Uchida became one of the first Japanese to join our group as an associate member.

WHEN the second short story contest had ended, Mr. Uchida expressed the desire to see some of our work. Needless to say we turned out en masse, all ten of us, carrying brief cases and flimsies stuffed with the stories that we thought he might buy. Since most of us had made very few sales, the prospect of meeting a dyed-in-the-wool publisher was most exciting. Mr. Uchida proved to be a pleasant, gracious man, with a personality that combined the best of the culture of his people plus the newly acquired democratic ideals of America. He gathered under his arm our stack of

manuscripts and departed cheerily.

Lieutenant Goble received a call from Mr. Uchida a few days later. Many of the stories, he reported, met his requirements but a few more days were needed to make the final selection. Eventually, eleven stories were selected to form an East-West anthology; its title was taken from the lead story by Douglas Alley, "The Miracle of the August O'Bon."

Many of the stories which we had chopped up and re-written in group workshops were in the science-fiction field. Mr. Uchida startled us by suggesting that we prepare a second book—a collection of science-fiction stories. The illustration for the dust cover was assigned to a young airman, Richard Sanders, a member of our group. This second book was eventually named *Goodby, Earth.*

Members of Branch 25, AFWL, who succeeded in getting their stories into the two books beside myself were: Major Cliff Evans, Captain Richard Karlen, Lieutenant Goble, Sergeant Harry Dill and Sergeant Bill Shoup.

Sometime later, we were winging our way out across Tokyo Bay with orders for Washington, D.C. As I looked down on that little green island in the Pacific I knew that I had left pieces of my heart and soul down there with Mr. Uchida whose unalterable faith in us kept us from giving up; with the hopeful, young restless new breed of writers reaching their fingers to the sky; with the members of Branch 25 who, despite rejection slips interminable, kept up the struggle to gain recognition as writers, and with the Japanese people and our own folk for allowing me to know them.

WHEN we arrived at our new station, I set up a mad correspondence with those still in Japan, asking endless questions about our books. There were many delays, and I was often asked by relatives and friends if I really did have a book and why did it take so long? At one point I received a letter from Mr. Uchida telling me that fifty pages of my novelette had been misplaced and everything had stopped until I could send the carbon copies.

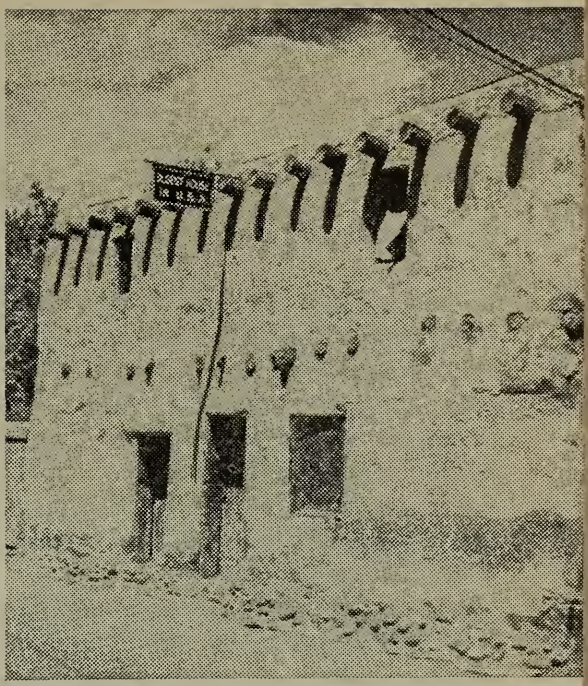
A long, worrisome eighteen months passed when the mailman rang my doorbell and handed me a book that was the culmination of many, many dreams.

I look at *the miracle* and recall the formation of the warp and woof of it; it is a tapestry of hard work, fortitude and faith. There will never be another book quite like it. But I think most of all of the small part we played in helping embryonic writers of Japan and of how one of their countrymen gave seven young Americans a passport to a career in writing. This then is the story of a book. But greater still this is the story of "People to People" in every sense of the word. And this is the final proof that no dream is ever too small. ■ ■

Income tax collectors, in checking over returns, often make one deduction: This guy is lying.—Will Conway in *Quote.*

The Oldest House

By Troy Kemper



Two old wooden doorways lead to the interior of the oldest house in the nation which dates from the 1200's. Newer logs at the roofline contrast with ancient logs which are well-weathered on the old adobe building.

AMERICA'S oldest, continuously occupied house is just off De Vargas Street in an old section of Santa Fe, New Mexico, the nation's oldest capital city. It was established ten years before Plymouth Rock. The house, built of "puddled adobe," ante-dates Santa Fe. It was built about A.D. 1200 by Pueblo Indians. Adobe is sun-dried brick made of clayey soil with a mixture of straw and water.

The Oldest House originally had no doors or windows. Entrance for the Indians was through a hole in the roof, and access to the roof was by ladders inside and out. Across the narrow street stands an ancient companion structure, San Miguel Mission, the country's oldest church, which was built in 1605 on the site of an old Indian kiva (ceremonial chamber).

A colorful procession of residents, visitors, and intruders has passed through the entrance to the Oldest House. No written records remain of the earliest inhabitants, but the Spanish explorers, Franciscan priests, and colonists arrived in the 1500's followed by gold seekers, hunters, trappers, and merchants. The house is now a museum and antiques are on sale to the public in an adjoining adobe building.

Five flags or emblems have flown over Santa Fe—the banners of Spain, Mexico, Indians, Confederate States, and United States. ■ ■

Let Us Pray

God of All Mercies, help us this day to see anew the meaning of the cross. As Christ died upon Calvary thou didst give thyself, without reservation, in holy love. This is thy nature; through all eternity in thy heart is a cross. I pray, O God, that there may be a cross in my heart. That I may die to sin, to self, to sensuality, to all that keeps me from thee and hardens my soul. Give to me the spirit of self-sacrifice. May I this day begin more fully to live for thee, for the church and for others. Through Jesus Christ, my Lord. *Amen.*

Most gracious God, thou art the giver of every perfect gift; thou art the source of all created things—the grain, the fruit, the vegetables of the field; thou dost send the rain and the sunshine and thou dost plant energy within the soil. We thank thee for thy continued care for us. May we forget thee not. Give us a song of gratitude for thy everlasting goodness. And may we share out of our abundance with those less fortunate. In Jesus' name. *Amen.*

Almighty God, we are thine. We ask today for strength to live fully for thee, not as children but as mature Christians. If we know ourselves, Lord, we want to love thee with all our heart, with all our soul, with all our strength and with all our mind. And we want to love our neighbor as ourself. Yet, there is a weakness—the weakness of sin and selfishness. Give us victory over this. Lord, we surrender all to thee. Through thy Son and our Savior, Jesus Christ. *Amen.*

O God, we are guilty sinners and we beg thy forgiveness. Forgive us our evil thoughts, our lack of control, our disobedience, our rebellion, our failures. Almighty God, we have been unfriendly to others; we have taken the road of darkness; we have hidden our talents; we have been too busy with the trifles. Forgive us. Hear the penitence of our hearts. Cleanse thou our entire being and strengthen especially the inner man. In the name of him who said, Lo, I am with you always, even Jesus Christ. *Amen.*

Holy Father, we turn aside from a busy life to spend these few moments of quiet with thee. Help us to shut out the world and think of thee only and renew our dedication to thee and thy holy cause. Create within us a new heart and send us forth from these moments of worship with hearts that are on fire to witness for thee. In Jesus' name. *Amen.*

BRIEF NEWS ITEMS

New Executive for the General Commission

Effective June, 1962, the Rev. A. Ray Applequist, New York, N.Y., secretary of the Department of Christian Ministry to Service Personnel, American Baptist Home Mission Societies, will succeed the Rev. Dr. Marion J. Creeger as executive secretary of The General Commission on Chaplains and Armed Forces Personnel. Dr. Creeger is retiring. Mr. Appelquist has served in his present position since 1958. Prior to 1958 he served for nine years as a chaplain in the U.S. Army. Earlier he held pastorates in Baptist churches in Wisconsin, Illinois and Massachusetts. Mr. and Mrs. Appelquist have five children: Nancy, Janet, John, Mary Lou, and Carla Rae.

Dr. Creeger is retiring on age and plans to reside in Meriden, New Hampshire. Prior to joining The General Commission on Chaplains and Armed Forces Personnel, he was executive director of the Commission on Emergency Services, National Council of Churches, for 18 months. A Methodist, he was superintendent of the New Haven district of the Methodist Church from 1945-1951. Before that, he was a parish pastor in New England and Long Island.

Dr. Creeger is a native of Tiffin, Ohio. He is married and the father of two children: a son, George R., associate professor of English at

Ch. Vernon Rogers of HQ USAFE addressing PWOC Rally Luncheon at Rhein Main Air Base. L to r at speaker's table: Ch. Arthur Marsh, Northern Command Chaplain; Mrs. Ruth Youngdahl Nelson of Washington, D.C., the main speaker; Col. W. F. Rankin, Deputy Base Commander, Rhein Main Air Base; and Mrs. Charles W. Jeffries, PWOC European Council President. Theme of luncheon was "Kneel to Pray—Rise to Serve."

Members of Pi Chi Sigma, USAF, attending Spiritual Life Retreat at Ridgecrest last summer. Ch., Lt Col, Geo. R. McCahan, Pi Chi Sigma adviser, at left. Officers of the year are: Pres. A/2c Nina Campbell, Lackland; V.P., M/Sgt Leona Register, Charleston; Sec.-Treas., A/3c Sharon Ande, Selfridge; Historian, A/2c Peggy Foye, Maxwell.

Wesleyan University, Middletown, Conn., and a daughter, Mrs. Kenneth Smith who resides in Caracas, Venezuela, where her husband is employed by the Creole Petroleum Company, a subsidiary of Esso.

Children of Tragedy

Church World Service issued late last year a report on the thousands of orphaned and abandoned children in Korea and Hong Kong. This report, called "Children of Tragedy," recommends strongly "Federal regulation of international adoption agencies." In general, the team making the report suggests that children should be cared for in private homes in the countries where they were born. In the case of Korean children of mixed blood, the team found, however, that adoption overseas may be the best solution. Stating that the abandonment of children in Korea has reached appalling proportions, the team recommends CWS and others devise means to provide food, clothing and education for the children so that needy parents will not have to abandon them.

Congratulations to Ft. Leavenworth's Protestant Youth

The senior high Protestant Youth of the Chapel at Ft. Leavenworth has been named one of the winners of *Parents Magazine*'s Youth Group Achievement Awards for teen-age public service during 1960-1961. The service projects of the PYOC include contribution toward medical aid in needy countries; outdoor Christmas display at the Chapel; and money raising projects for support of a teenager overseas under the Foster Parent Plan.

Life of Christ on TV

The USAF is presenting the award-winning Bible courses, "The Life and Teaching of Jesus," conducted by Dr. Edward W. Bauman of American University, on film prepared from TV, at overseas bases in Europe, Middle East and Alaska. The film lectures will be followed by discussions led by chaplains. Academic certificates will be offered by American University to those successfully completing all reading assignments, a term paper, and the final written examination.

More Religious Freedom in Italy

Protestants in Italy are enjoying more religious freedom, according

to a report presented to a meeting of the Synod of the Waldensian Church. The report said that the "usual campaign" against Protestants had almost ceased and that the government is "no longer trying to ignore the Protestant minority." It noted that government officials have received Protestant delegations "with courtesy" and that Roman Catholic priests and Waldensian pastors have been able to have private conversations and Bible study. The report attributed the change to "the ecumenical attitude" of Pope John XXIII.

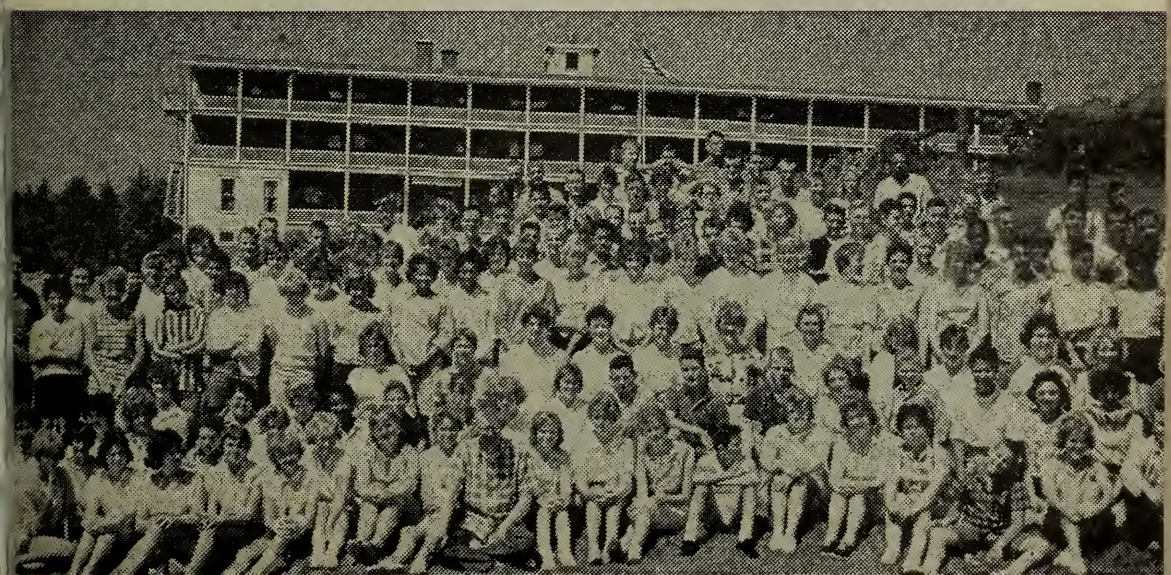
New Look Among Lepers

Face lifts, eyebrow and nose operations aid in lifting leprosy patients' morale at the Schieffelin Leprosy Research Sanatorium, Karigiri, India, according to Dr. Kamalan Job, director. He reported that an increasing number of such plastic operations are being performed at the joint mission institute near Vellore. Surgery to correct malformations of hands and feet are well known. "What we fail to realize," says Dr. Job, "is that 'looks' matter as much as usefulness in the complete social rehabilitation of a former leprosy patient."

Exhibit on American Judaism

An exhibit on "The Story of American Judaism" may now be seen at B'nai B'rith Museum, 17th and Rhode Island Ave., N.W., Washington, D.C. Hours are from 1 to 5 Monday, Tuesday, Thursday and Friday; and from 10 to 5 on Sunday. The exhibit runs until April 1.

There were 137 youth and 19 staff members at the Protestant Youth of the Chapel Summer Camp held at the Congregational Christian Center, Pembroke, N.H. Project was sponsored by Hanscom Field, Mass.; Pease AFB, N.Y.; Plattsburg AFB, N.Y.; Stewart AFB, N.Y.; Otis AFB, Mass.; and Westover AFB, Mass. The well-rounded program of sound religious instruction, inspirational services, and wholesome recreation was oriented around the theme of the conference, "Living for Jesus."



The Link Calendar

LENT begins **March 7** of this month. This is Ash Wednesday. Originally, Lent lasted forty hours; but now it is forty week days and six Sundays before Easter. It hearkens back to the forty days of Christ's temptation. Now it is a period of preparation for Holy Week, the last seven days of Lent.

March comes in on Thursday and it is a significant month. Here are some of the events emphasized throughout the month:

Red Cross.
Girl Scout Golden Anniversary.
Children's Art Month.

On the first, the Reserve Officers Association will hold its National Council Meeting in Washington, D.C. . . . On the same day, the Spring Wildflower Pilgrimage through the Great Smokies will begin, beginning at Gatlinburg, Tenn.

Mar. 2 is Texas Independence Day.

Mar. 3-10. National 4-H Club Week.

Mar. 4-11. Save Your City Week. Purpose: "To honor and visit the worthy monuments, sculptures and structures of yesteryear. To encourage their upkeep and use. To protect them from destruction by 'city planners' and developers. . . ."

Mar. 4-10. Save Your Vision Week. Have you had your eyes examined?

Mar. 5 is President's Day. Purpose: "To establish a better knowledge of American history through studying the lives of our American presidents."

Mar. 5-10. National Smile Week. Don't you like that one? Purpose: "To stimulate the remembering of friends." Everything has to be organized today, even the remembering of friends!

Mar. 6. Mardi Gras. Last feast day before Lent. Celebrated in New Orleans, La., and certain Alabama and Florida cities.

Mar. 6-8. Military Chaplains Nuclear Symposium at Sandia Base, N.M.

Mar. 9. World Day of Prayer. Purpose: "To unite Christians in a bond of prayer and Christian fellowship with others around the world."

Mar. 10. *Milwaukee Journal* Indoor Relays and Track Meet. Milwaukee Arena.

Mar. 11-17. Girl Scout Week. Purpose: "Commemorates the founding date when Juliette Low established the first troop of twelve Girl Scouts."

Mar. 14-16. National Missiles and Space Conference. Washington, D.C.

Mar. 15-22. Easter Seal Campaign. Purpose: "To provide rehabilitation care for a quarter of a million crippled children and adults."

Mar. 17. St. Patrick's Day.

Mar. 18-24. Camp Fire Girls Birthday Week. Founder's Day is the 17th. "To commemorate the founding of the Camp Fire Girls and the value of the service given to girls across the nation."

Mar. 21. National Teen-agers' Day.

Mar. 31-Apr. 6. National Rifle Association meetings. Washington, D.C.

Study Article Helps

for Protestant Men of the Chapel, Women of the Chapel, Youth of the Chapel, Lay Leaders, or Discussion Leaders for any groups.

Throughout this issue of THE LINK, you will find four reading articles which may also be used for group study and discussion.

1. **Knowing God's Way for Us** (*page 14*)
Bible Material: Mark 10:17-22
How are decisions made? How can you be sure you're making correct decisions? What do we learn from the Bible about knowing the will of God? What do we learn from Jesus? How do our Christian friends help us make right decisions?

2. **One by One** (*page 28*)
Bible Material: John 1:35-51
What does it mean to be a Christian? What are some of the ways we may win others to Christ? Evaluate these ways in the order of their importance. What do we learn from John 1:35-51 about winning others to Christ? How were you won? Will you try to win one other person this year?

3. **How the New Testament Came to Be** (*page 36*)
Bible Material: Luke 1:1-4; Acts 1:1-3
To what extent is the literature that comes from the church today inspired? How does it differ from the New Testament writings? Would it have been better had the New Testament writings not been so varied? Explain. In what sense is Christ the main theme of all the twenty-seven books of the New Testament?

4. **Equipment for Life's Battles** (*page 46*)
Bible Material: Ephesians 6:10-20
What experiences have you had which indicate that temptations are real? How can we combat evil today? What are some things we need to do if we join hands with God to build a greater civilization?

WORTH QUOTING: A feed store is the only place left where you can get a chicken dinner for a dime.—*Times-Press*, Hartford, Conn.

Books Are Friendly Things

How to Help Through Understanding by Josephine Robertson. Abingdon Press, Nashville 2, Tenn. $2.25.

Here's a book that helps you to know specifically how to help—how to help the sick, the sorrowful, the newcomer, the handicapped, the alcoholic, the mentally ill, the aging, those with heartaches, and the like. Two of the best chapters are how to help through listening and how to help through letters. The latter chapter, we are proud to say, was originally published in THE LINK.

Clear Writing by Leo Kirschbaum. Meridian Books, 2231 W. 110th St., Cleveland 2, Ohio. $1.95.

Want to know how to write? The principles of good prose: clear diction, clear sentence structure, clear organization? Read this book. I wish all who seek to write for THE LINK would study carefully this basic book on good English and clear writing.

Foundations for Reconstruction by Elton Trueblood. Harper & Bros., 49 E. 33rd St., New York 16, N.Y. $2.50.

This is a revised edition of a significant book first published in 1946. Dr. Trueblood is one of the church's outstanding leaders in this generation and here speaks of the Ten Commandments in contemporary life. "Of all the spiritual riches which constitute the inheritance of contemporary man, the Ten Commandments stand alone" (p. 1). How true! Our hardest problems are moral ones; our primary task is that of moral reconstruction. Here is a great book!

The Bedside Bible by Arthur Stanley. Chas. Scribner's Sons. 597 Fifth Ave., New York 17, N.Y. $2.95.

The unique contribution of this small book is stated in its purpose: to provide the general reader with the most important parts of the Bible in an attractive form, and to show the selected passages in relation to the historical and religious background of their time. Poetry is printed as poetry and chapter and verse divisions have been ignored. Unfortunately, for the most part, the King James Version is followed; and the reader does not therefore get the benefit of the latest and most accurate translations.

Bible Light on Daily Life by Philip E. Howard, Jr. Baker Book House, Grand Rapids 6, Mich. $2.50.

A series of 200 devotional readings applying the Scriptures to daily life. Useful for the quiet hour or for devotional talks.

Sound Off! (*Continued from page 4*)

Mr. Tench goes on, ". . . after a time, visitors begin to feel both oppressed and depressed: they sense something unwholesome, almost eerie about the country." I would respectfully suggest that evil will always feel uneasy in the presence of that which is strong. What can be more wholesome than a Christian community built on faith, prayer, love and utter humility?

Lest any tears be shed for these monks that the author labels "alive, yet not living," let me quote for you what Father Ilian, a father-confessor of one of the monasteries has to say regarding this subject: "We are far happier than they (outside visitors). We are healthy and live long. . . ."

The author bewails the fact that there were no sounds of feminine laughter emanating from the cells of the monks. What did the author expect to encounter in a monastery? I would have been scandalized if he HAD reported that he saw or heard females about the place. Women on Mt. Athos or any monastery would be as much out of place as Billy Graham would be at the Lido of Paris. . . .

Yours is a Christian publication. I am certain that you would welcome the opportunity of presenting an accurate and factual account of Mt. Athos. I respectfully suggest you write to Mr. Ivan M. Czap, 1421 Chestnut St., Philadelphia 2, Pa.

—Chaplain, Capt, Peter Zolnerowich, 243 Latch Drive, San Antonio 13, Tex.

(*We did not have room to print all of Chaplain Zolnerowich's letter, but I think we've used enough to give its tone. I have asked Mr. Tench to write a reply. I now quote part of his letter. . . .*)

I do not agree that the narrative is marked by narrow-mindedness, but I do agree it represents the impressions of the average visitor. . . . The average visitor does feel there is something unwholesome about the atmosphere of the country. That does not mean they are evil men uneasy in the presence of that which is holy. . . . I wrote the story from the viewpoint of the average man and set down as briefly as possible the average visitor's reaction to Mt. Athos. It is to be regretted that you found the article offensive in many ways. My intention was to make it merely interesting.

—C. V. Tench, P.O. Box 580. Sta. A/. Vancouver, B.C., Canada.

(EDITOR'S NOTE: *I have also written Chaplain Zolnerowich expressing my regret that the article was offensive to him and I am asking Mr. Ivan Czap of Philadelphia to write an article which will more fully express the convictions of the residents of Mt. Athos. And I have a most cordial reply from Chaplain Zolnerowich.*)

I can't think of a better magazine than THE LINK for even a college junior. It's the smallest magazine with such big and wonderfully inspiring and informative articles that I have seen! . . . Enclosed please find $5.00 so a few more people may enjoy this wonderful booklet.

—Wm. Russell Loesch, 73 S. Professor St., Oberlin, Ohio.

At Ease!

"Mind telling me what you did in civilian life, Coyle?"

The little boy, just returned from a trip through the West, was embellishing his experiences somewhat to his friend. "There we were in the middle of the desert," he said in a shuddery voice. "Indians to the right of us, Indians to the left of us, Indians behind us, Indians in front . . ."

"Wowee!" cried his friend. "What did you do?"

"Well," replied the other, "I . . ." He suddenly caught sight of his mother's fixed glare. "Well—goodness," he went on, "what could we do? We bought a blanket."

—*Journal of the American Medical Association*

The recruit had finished his physical and was being questioned by a sergeant, who asked: "Did you go to grammar school?"

"Yes, sir. I also went through high school, graduated *cum laude* from college, completed three years of graduate studies, and then received two years at Purdue, two at Vanderbilt, and two more at Wabash."

The sergeant nodded, reached for a rubber stamp, and slapped it on the questionnaire. It consisted of one word: "Literate."

—*Rotary News,* Columbia, Tenn.

"Yes sir," said the old man, "I'll be ninety tomorrow, and I haven't an enemy in the world."

"A beautiful thought," said a visitor.

"Yes sir," continued the old man. "I've outlived them all."

—*Automotive Service Digest*

An old preacher was trying to explain the fury of Hades to his congregation. "You've seen molten iron running out from a furnace, haven't you?" he asked.

The congregation had.

"Well," the preacher shouted, "they use that stuff for ice cream in the place I'm talking about."

—*Powerfax*

There were two sheep grazing in a meadow. "Baa-aa-aaa," said the first. "Mooooo," said the second. Said the first sheep, "What do you mean, Mooooo?" Said the second sheep: "I'm studying a foreign language."

—Constance MacMillan in *Quote*

Why I Am a Christian

HAVE you ever felt the intense heat of a smouldering forest fire? Once I saw a forest at the peak of its beauty; its fragrance was delightful; and it was of exceeding great worth. But now, it is only a shamble of worthless rubble. A fire has destroyed it. This timberland that God created from the dust is once again back to dust and can no longer be useful.

At one time, my life was like those shambled trees. It had no real meaning; it was empty, lost, and unhappy. My life was engulfed with, *not fire*, but sin and corrupt living.

I entered the Air Force in 1959 and in February 1960 I was notified that I was being sent overseas. Then I was sent home on a thirty-day leave. One Sunday I was attending with my grandparents the services at the Akron Baptist Temple, Akron, Ohio. The preacher gave the invitation for anyone to come forward and declare his faith in the Divine Savior, Jesus Christ. All of a sudden I seemed to feel that the hand of God touched me urging me to go to the altar where the preacher was. I went forward and learned the real meaning of John 3:16—that God does love us, each and every one of us, even me!

I did not know until I had been here at Wheelus Air Force Base, Tripoli, Libya, North Africa, why I was sent here. Then, all of a sudden, God talked to my heart and told me to go out and become a "fisher of men." I have been here nineteen months on a two-year tour of duty, and I praise God for the wonderful fellowship that he has given me so many, many miles from home. I am happy that God brought me overseas for I have found a place of service.

I have not had to give anything up (many non-Christians say this to get you to go away when you are witnessing to them), but I have found a new way of life. God has forgiven me my sins and he gives me grace and spiritual food.

I am so grateful that we have a Savior who watches over us wherever we go. We should have no fear for our Father gives us love and peace and happiness.

God teaches me new lessons as I read his great Ten Commandments. I thank him for forgiving me, a sinner, and "setting me free" from the bondage of Satan.

—Joseph A. Feasler

UNITED STATES NAVAL ACADEMY

Above is seen the noon meal formation of the Brigade in front of Bancroft Hall, largest dormitory in the world, at the U.S. Naval Academy, Annapolis, Md.

With only eighty midshipmen housed in makeshift barracks and instructed in makeshift classrooms at its beginning in 1845, the Academy has grown with the years. It now has over 3,800 midshipmen who live in commodious Bancroft Hall and who study in modern classrooms and laboratories.

Midshipmen are being developed morally, mentally and physically and are being imbued with the highest ideals of duty, honor and loyalty. B.S. graduates from the Academy become the hard core of trained and educated officers who will lead a vital part of our defence —the United States Navy.